

THE
ECLECTIC
 AND
 CONGREGATIONAL · REVIEW.

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NOTES

CHAPTER I

THEORY

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THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

I.

THE ABBOT CALIXTUS.*

MR. DOWDING has compiled a very interesting life of a famous man whose name is seldom mentioned now, but was two hundred years since the watch-word of peace and moderation; the name of one of those vast scholars before the hugeness of whose erudition the modern analytic scholarship, with its little niggling ways, seems very stunted, dwarfed, and feeble. He was a Lutheran, but still more truly was he a Melanethonian, and he sought to temper the harshness of Lutheran theology by the mild, scholarly spirit of that meek reformer. He was accused of leanings to Catholicism, of strong leanings also to the new, reformed theology. Indeed, the strength of his teaching consisted in a rigid historical separation of fundamentals from accidentals in theology. He applied his acuteness and his learning, with crushing power, to the extinction of whole tribes of Romish novelties, by stating admirably *the negative* force of tradition—what it proves by its silence as well as by its voice.

“Remember,” he says, “that this same tradition lies not only in testimony, clearly given, but also in silence, continuously preserved. For how could that have been instituted by Christ, or have originated with the Apostles, which, in the first five centuries after Christ and the Apostles, no one can be proved to have been acquainted with. By this method of proof, therefore, the Roman pontiff ceases to be the supreme chief of the Catholic Church, the infallible judge and creator of dogma, the arbiter of empires and kingdoms. The public refusal of the sacred chalice is discredited. The immaculate conception vainly ascribed to the most blessed Virgin, (Θεοτόκος), her revival and assumption—this vanishes away. The adoration of statues and images is upset. The necessity of specifying in confession each separate sin with its circumstances, of believing in purgatory, the seven sacra-

* *German Theology during the Thirty Years' War. The Life and Correspondence of George Calixtus, Lutheran Abbot of Königsutter and Professor Primarius in the University of Helmstadt.* By the Rev. W. C. Dowding, M.A. John Henry and James Parker.

ments; . . . and whatever superstitions and corruptions of this stamp were brought in during the subsequent centuries—all this falls to pieces."

There is little trace of Romanism in this kind of argument and language; but he was a gentle, loving spirit, the most decided opponent, as he has been called, of all mere negative controversy. Early in life we find him saying, "One thing is clear, that if 'men's minds were not bound by prejudices they would remit a 'great deal of their rigour'; in fact, he was an apostle of truth and peace, and such men, with deep broad views, must usually be misinterpreted; they influence opinion, but it is dangerous to applaud them; they do not sufficiently charm and inflame the passions of the hour to win wreaths and acclamations; they have their revenue in futurity, and a reversion in immortality.

George Calixtus was born in a Schleswig village, December, 1586. His father was the pastor of Medelbye, but it seems probable that the scholar first drew breath at the house of his grandfather, the father of his mother, a then burgomaster of the neighbouring town of Flensburg: the name of the good pastor of Medelbye was Kallison, still a very common Danish name. He appears to have been a scholarly man; he was called in his neighbourhood, indeed, the Latin man, and, in accordance with the pedantry of his age, he transmuted his own honest name of Kallison into one which was intended to sound more classical; hence, George Kallison became George Calixtus, a name borne by three Popes, neither of whom, however, influenced their age or church so distinctly as the Schleswig villager; those villages have been tolerably conspicuous lately; the Schleswiger has the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon type, and he has achieved a similar work to that the Anglo-Saxon has achieved—a master on the sea. Redeeming his land, like the Hollander, from the waters, and protecting it by dikes, intersecting the deep green plain with numberless water-ditches, which the marsh-man would find it not easy to cross without the aid of his constant companion, a leaping pole—a land of pasturage and agriculture, covered with cattle and corn, spreads before the eye; and from thence went forth the young student two centuries and a half since. The lad was familiar with the name of Melancthon almost from his infancy, for his father had been a pupil of that spirit of moderation and kindliness.

Calixtus studied at the neighbouring town of Helmstadt. Mr. Dowding intersperses, very pleasantly, interesting notices of German domestic manners and usages of the time. His book has no appearance of mere book-making, by the introduction of irrelevant matter; but many particulars bear upon and reflect their

light over the central life of the volume. We have, therefore, a picture of the student life in which the young Calixtus mingled. Student usages have often been mingled with a strange routine of folly, and the ceremony of admitting the *Fuchs*, or *Innocens*, Luther thought a type of life, and not without its use to uppish boys.

1. The *Fuchs* had to appear before the Depositor in motley (*narrenkleidung*); typifying, of course, his presumed simplicity.

2. His hair was combed and cut; that henceforth he should keep himself pure and seemly.

3. An ear-picker was used upon him; to make him diligent in hearing whatever is good.

4. A tooth was drawn out from his mouth, that he might not bite with lies or calumny.

5. His nails were smoothed with a file, to prevent his henceforth doing harm to any one.

6. A black beard was painted upon him, to indicate that now he had attained to manhood, and must be careful to "put away childish things."

7. He was obliged to throw himself at the feet of those present: this to denote humility.

8. There was brought out salt and wine: the salt as a type of the wisdom which was henceforth to dwell with him, the wine as an emblem of peace and joy.

The *Fuchs* was then dismissed with an exhortation and blessing; and the proceedings closed with a feast. This was at the expense of the *Fuchs*, who had also to make a present upon the occasion to the Depositor.

From this, however, arose a system of cruel fagging called pennalism—a system beneath which the poor *Fuchs* or freshman was subjected to every kind of torture, and his books, his money, his clothes, were regarded as the monopoly of his master. The poor *Fuchs* was obliged to be content with rags; menial services were required of him—to carry messages, clean shoes; to rifle orchards, and to rob peasants on their way to market. "The men of Sodom," says a contemporary, "scarce dealt so hardly with Lot;" and another speaks of glasses dashed in the faces of the unfortunates, beards plucked-up, faces disfigured with blows; in some instances the poor scholar was even driven to suicide. During the student-life of Calixtus, the horrible system of pennalism existed only in embryo; it was, however, there, and rough usages were there, so that it was said the University was filled rather with soldiers than students. He studied, however, beneath the tutorage of Caselius and Martini, able scholars, but not mere bookworms; men who knew the world, and were able to help one so desirous to know the age and his place in it. Returning home from Helmstadt after five years' close entrance into the mysteries of the ancient

philosophy, and the like study of the ancient theology, he had already become a hopeful young man—even a man of mark; his father was aged, far down in the valley of life; he desired his accomplished son to assist, hoping that he might succeed, him in his work as pastor. The plan failed from a most unexpected cause—the young divine's voice was too weak for church duty—a bitter disappointment, we may be sure; but there was preparing for him higher employment and distinction; before he attained, however, to these posts, he travelled, for his times, rather extensively, taking long literary tours through Germany, Belgium, England, and France, examining libraries, and attending discussions; thus he saw the springs of public opinion, and their working; he visited the University of Jena.

Of Giessen, the last University, we have a portrait not flattering—"Oh, how wretched is philosophy here! how miserable some of the philosophers, especially those who wish to stand before the others! They are bats in philosophy following wholly neither Ramus nor Aristotle. They don't philosophise here, but bray. As for theologians, they are plenty and good—if I added that they are arrogant, it would be but the truth." He visited Mainz and Heidelberg, and, returning home for a short period in 1610, he soon set forth again towards England, resting at Cologne—

No longer indeed the Cologne of earlier times, when her ships were to be seen in the waters of Syria and her merchants could claim privileges from Plantagenet kings. It was not the Cologne of Albertus Magnus, nor such as when Dons Scotus was carried to his burial. The progress of events had cast a cloud upon her learning, and the jealousy of the Netherlands opposed her commerce. But she still deserved the name of "the German Rome;" and to those who wished to see the Roman system at work, to study its methods in their strength and fulness, Cologne offered advantages as great as Italy. Calixtus, it seems, enjoyed his stay there greatly. "I remember," he wrote, in after days, to the theologians there—"I remember yet with pleasure the winter I spent in your city and University, some two-and-twenty years ago. To say nothing of its splendid buildings, its rich libraries and book-shops, I experienced great kindness in the society of your predecessors; and but one, even, of their editions of the works of antiquity (of the middle ages, or of later times) would have sufficed to draw out my heart towards a city which has worked so hard and spent so much in writings for the common benefit of the Church and theology."

Cologne roused all the Protestant in the young traveller; it was the seat of Papal bitterness; theological disputes became rancorous there, for Ernest of Bavaria was still alive and still there; he had won his archbishopric at the point of the sword;

the originator of the League, he gave vehemency to all disputes in theology; his latest hours, for he died before Calixtus left Cologne, made present the feuds of a past generation and embittered the spirit of strife. From Cologne he went to Leyden, to the cities still alive and glowing with the memory of William the Silent; from the scenes of Roman Catholic victory to the scenes of Roman Catholic defeat. In England he met Casaubon—a most congenial spirit, the conversations with whom seem to have been impressive to him till his latest days, and were referred to by Schrader in his funeral sermon. In Paris, Casaubon introduced him to the historian and statesmen De Thou—the great luminary of the learned world. It was at a critical moment he visited that great city—at the time when the murder of Henry VI. had shaken society to its centre; feuds were rampant and Jesuitism everywhere. Calixtus received a hint that, as he had written at Cologne against the mass, the Jesuits might not scruple to take summary vengeance, if he gave them the opportunity, within their own dominion. He returned to Schleswig; disputations were the order of the day, and arrived at home, he was called upon to take the place of Martini in a discussion with a Jesuit (it was a conception of those times that men might be converted at the point of a syllogism). Martini, a man of genius and a scholar, was not an eminent theologian; professional theologians were jealous of him, and his fame was rather a smoke in theological nostrils; he was able, however, to defend himself, and, at Regensberg, in 1601, when some of the divines were half disposed to be rude to him, taking it as a slight that Henry Julius, the Duke of Brunswick, had said to him there: “What,” cried some learned pedant, “is Saul also among the prophets?” “Yes,” said Martini quietly, “*seeking his father’s asses.*” He was not, however, able to be the knight of the tournament on this occasion, and Calixtus took his place; his syllogisms neither converted the Jesuit nor won his purpose in the discussion, but he exhibited remarkable scholarship and adroitness, and to this he was indebted for his elevation by the Duke of Brunswick, Frederick Ulrich, to the professorship at Helmstadt. Trials and triumphs mixed in his cup: on the 27th of October, 1618, old John Calixtus, “the Latin man” died, aged eighty; the young scholar hastened home to comfort his mother, and twelvemonths after he married Catherine Gartner, the daughter of a rich reputable burgomaster of Helmstadt. There were severe trials before the young couple. We know little of the good Frau Calixtus, but she was a gentle, unpretending, affectionate and hospitable woman. The couple

had always some poor students living with them ; one writes, " for seven whole years he supported me, providing me most " generously with house and board." It is characteristic of the times that Calixtus thought it needful to vindicate his wife from the charge of intermeddling with his literary matters. While other wives busied themselves in what they did not understand—claiming their share in theological feuds—Calixtus could say of his wife (in regard to one of his works), " Down to this very day " she neither knows nor cares whether I have written it or not. " As the mother of a family, she is occupied in her housekeeping ; and does not trouble herself with my studies or my " books." More tenderly he speaks of her as " the best and " chiefest," " the special guardian of his earthly life." The death of Martini, shortly after the appointment of Calixtus to the professorship, left him the head of the Melancthon school. This he was henceforth to lead. In 1624, it is said, at a Visitation of the University, a rebuke was administered to him in the celebrated *fracas* of " heads and hats," but it is very doubtful whether such a *fracas* ever did occur, though the alleged declaration of Calixtus, and the rejoinder of his opponent, are so good and characteristic that if they were never uttered, they ought to have been. Calixtus said in response, no doubt, says Mr. Dowding, " to some narrow-hearted quibbling," that " if all men had the same shaped heads, they would all wear the same shaped hats," to which his opponent rejoined, " that if men " meant to teach in Brunswick, they *must* have the same shaped " heads and hats, because there was here but one Formula of " faith." In 1627 our friend lost his eldest son, John Erich, a remarkable child in mind and character ; he quite flattered the pride of his learned parent. " It was not my wish," said his father, " to burden him ; but of his own accord he sought to " learn the Greek and Hebrew letters which he noticed in books, " texts of Scripture, prayers, and the Psalms of David, the most " sententious verses of Virgil, Horace, and other writers." Latin, the child learnt from the beginning. He was withal a lovely and amiable child. His father, vexed by the horrors of the times in which he lived, for war was at the very door of his house, had suspended all his lighter studies and betaken himself to an essay on the Immortality of the Soul and the Resurrection of the Body. " I little supposed," he says, " whilst thinking out " this essay that an event was so near which should make necessary " to myself what I had purposed to offer for the general good, " but it pleased God to test me, whether my words had been " impressed upon my own heart." Mr. Dowding, quoting the pathetic words of the father, says :—

The child died on the 28th of April, 1627 ; and the heart bleeds still

(after the lapse of two centuries) when we read what his father has written about him :

"In the article of death, and almost breathless, he commended his country to God ;—for the child was, in this point, as a man, nay an *old* man—and his soul to Christ our Saviour. And if the bystanders at any moment ceased their prayers, he exhorted them to continue ; following them, as well as he could, both by voice and gesture. At last, taking leave of his parents and of all his friends by name, he placidly expired ; without distortion of body, without pain, or the sense of death."

With a touching apology for introducing such details, the sorrow-stricken man goes on to enlarge upon them ; telling us (childlike) his tenderest thoughts with that simplicity of egotism which belongs to grief.

"In this so sudden and terrible case the precepts of wisdom which I had studied from my youth did not, indeed, forsake me. I thought with myself how seemly it was to obtain, beforehand, by reason and conviction, the consolation which time brings at last to all. But, to confess the truth, what human wisdom could give me, (and what the sayings of Socrates and Seneca, and others of the wisest and the firmest taught me,) was scarcely worth a thought, whilst I could turn myself towards the light of divine revelation, and the hope of the resurrection to eternal joy. To my special gain it happened, that just at the time of my dear child's death, I was occupied with those words of the Apostle : 'It is sown in corruption ; it is raised in incorruption : it is sown in dishonour ; it is raised in glory : it is sown in weakness ; it is raised in power : it is sown a natural body ; it is raised a spiritual body.' When I pondered these words before the slender form of my dead son, the son of whom I had cherished the highest hopes ; and with my hands closed the eyes of him who in the natural course of nature should have done that service to myself,—those words, through God's grace, did so deeply comfort me, that if they destroyed not *every* feeling of pain and yearning,—this indeed could not and *ought* not to be,—they still kept far off everything unworthy or excessive which otherwise might have been able to intrude itself. I ceased to bewail, for I knew most assuredly, that it was well with my child ; and I consoled myself, (and do still console my yearnings,) with the assurance of his glorious renewal. Sorrow indeed there was, and woe in parting : but when I see him again, when again he comes to meet and embrace me (as he used to do) then my joy and delight will as far surpass that sorrow, as he himself in his glory will surpass the son I knew here."

Not yet, however, is his heart at rest. Starting from a *τόπος* of learned heathenism, he puts the case into a different form. After quoting the saying of Silenus, that "the best thing is not to be born ; and the next best is to die as soon as possible,"—

"How" (he asks) "can it be better to be nothing, than to be intelligent ? than to be the image of God ? The depravity of our nature derived from Adam, and its cure, the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost,—of all these things Silenus was equally ignorant. Neither did he any better understand how great the

glory and the happiness which awaits the regenerated. John Erich my child—if he had not been born, had also not been born again, had not put on Christ his Saviour, had not been adopted to be the child of God, had not had the heritage of a blessed eternity, had not been now *ισάγγελος!*”

“But he departed in his childhood; and gave up life, before he could know what life is.”

“He was snatched away.”

“Though the East be severed from the West, and the South from the North, by a schism as sad as wicked; and though, either out of zeal or hatred, men are cursing each the others and devoting them to hell; still, no one has ever dared to deny salvation to such children, wheresoever or from whomsoever they may have received their baptism. . . . Since I know, therefore, that I have not lost this precious child, but only sent him as a pledge, whither I shall follow gladly, I should seem to love rather myself than him, if I could not forego, with a patient heart, the intercourse which so soon shall be again restored. . . . I had destined him not for my own delight,—though from such a one I might well have expected much,—but for the ministry of God, and sacred learning; and this, the more earnestly, in proportion to the fewness of the persons who give themselves seriously and in the way that they ought, to those studies and pursuits by which the Church Catholic might be healed of her wounds; her losses repaired, her struggles set at rest; and some small attempts, at least, be made for quietness and concord. I hoped that he would one day do what I, in my weakness and in the misery of the times, am now unable to accomplish. But God hath judged otherwise—and I submit myself; glad to have found an intercessor for myself and my studies, in him whom I once hoped to have as a companion. For although I would not dare to affirm, that he sees what we are doing from the seat of his joy, yet he has not put away the memory of those that were dear to him; myself, or his mother, or his brother, whom he always loved most tenderly, and spoke to by name when at the point of departure. He ceases not, therefore, to pour out his prayers for us whom he knows to be still wayfarers; and for our safety which he knows to be still endangered. . . . Pardon, kind reader, that I have given so much place to myself in this writing. God grant that you may never have need of such medicine!”

The place of his darling was never supplied. He never afterwards had much joy in his children. A little daughter was born to him, but died soon after her birth. A son was born in the year of John Erich's death, and he received in tender memory the same name, but he was weak in intellect and quite incapable, whilst Frederick Ulrich, the son who afterwards succeeded him—inheriting his position and defending his fame—caused him, during his lifetime, great concern. But, deep as was the more domestic sorrow, it was a time of great domestic grief; it was at this very period the Thirty Years' War broke out;

Helmstadt was in danger from the unpaid robber-host of Wallenstein. Hence, what could the afflicted Calixtus say when the day of the fiftieth Commemoration, or Founders' Day, came round, October, 1626 :

"I have called you together," he said, in addressing the few students who remained there, "not to listen to an eloquent or learned oration, such as neither the distress of the times, nor my many anxieties permit ; but rather that you may unite your prayers with mine, and that we of the University still left in this place may, with one voice, unitedly beseech God's mercy Some of my colleagues who, before, were present, have since been induced to seek a safer home, by fear of the dangers which threaten us. Some who, then, were well and happy are now in their houses, confined by sickness. Some who, then, were living are now at rest ; and have departed to another and a better life. . . . Others of us who then had no cause of mourning are now lamenting wives, or children, or relations, or friends. So that not only in the University, but in the whole town ; our losses may be read in black garments and sorrowful faces. . . . It has not pleased God to grant us happy and peaceful days ; but on the contrary to aggravate our punishments and to sharpen our calamities. But this is the completest proof that there has been no diminution of our sin and vices, but that they are great and weighty as ever. To ourselves, therefore, let us impute our ills."

The poor professor continued, however, at his post of duty. his wife's property was nearly worthless ; his own, at Schleswig, was injured by the campaign in that quarter, and his salary as professor was in abeyance ; and this was the moment when the child—no doubt the especial light of the sad home—was taken away. In these circumstances it was that the Duke of Brunswick acknowledged the merit of the scholar by investing him with the reversion of the Abbey of Königslutter. The deed confirming the privilege is curious ; it runs :—

"Fred. Ulrich, by the grace of God Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, &c.

"Our favour to begin with. Worthy, most learned, well-beloved and trusted. Whereas we remember your faithful services now for several years given in our Julius University at Helmstadt ; And whereas they have not been sufficiently remunerated ; besides that, by reason of the present troubles, you have been obliged, for some time past, to forego your well-earned salary : Therefore have we graciously determined to invest you with the dignity of abbot in our foundation of Königslutter, at the first avoidance—which rests in the hands of God,—for your more sustentation ; and for the better and more diligent continuance of your studies. Our pleasure is, that you receive this same,—under the conditions named,—by virtue of these presents ; seeing that the Almighty God has endowed you with notable qualities and gifts in your vocation : And that you do, none the less, continue devoted to

your useful profession, in the building up of the Church of God, the country and the people: And . . . we nothing doubt that with the same diligence as heretofore . . . you will turn it to the best advantage of our well-beloved students. And so we bid you a gracious farewell. Given in our town of Brunswick, the 28th of July, 1627. FRIEDRICH ULRICH."

Readers will not be surprised at the picture Mr. Dowding presents of the morals and the manners of those times—the post-reformation period. Superstition was indeed banished from those German towns and cities, but reverence seemed banished too. "Work holiness, as the Germans call it (*Werk heiligkeit*) fell into contempt, unsucceeded by the fruits of faith." As to academical affairs, they reveal a very cloaca, a sink of petty squabbles and personal bitterness. Imagine in the University of Wittenberg the chancellor addressing a disputant thus:—"Hear, thou hog! thou hound! thou fool! or whatever thou art, thou stolid ass!" and imagine another foremost man among the Wittenbergers, so maddened at having the authority of Melancthon quoted against him, as to pull down a picture of the reformer, which by chance hung near, and to trample it under his feet with rage! The morals appear to be not much better than the manners. Calixtus attempted to reform these vices by preaching, although the great theologian of Helmstadt and the Abbot of Königsutter seems never to have received the clerical office. He possessed himself also of a printing-press, and he began to print works which it would be for the welfare of the Church to circulate. His first efforts with the press were attempts to unite Romanists and Protestants on a basis of truth and love. For this purpose he appealed to tradition, but his efforts were vain, for his use of the word terrified rigid Lutherans, while Romanists looked and did not find the thing they desired, but, on the contrary, found their own weapon of tradition turned against themselves. Meantime, the Thirty Years' War, as we have said, had begun, and was raging through and around regions which had recently been only the scenes of perfect peace. Our readers do not need that we should occupy any space in our sketch of the life of Calixtus with any recital of its horrors. It was, as Mr. Dowding well describes it, a dance of death. Its horrors are familiar to the mind through the pen of Schiller. He says well that to describe it "history has no speech and poetry no pencil"; the naming of Magdeburg instantly calls up one of the most horrible tempests of war; neither childhood, nor age, nor youth, nor sex, nor rank, nor beauty, were able to turn aside the wrath of the conqueror. Women were found beheaded in a church, while the troopers amused themselves by throwing

infants into the flames, or by spearing sucklings at their mothers' breasts. "Come again in an hour," was Tilly's only reply when some of his officers, utterly horrified at what they saw, besought him to stay this bath of blood:—"Come again in an hour, and I will see what I can do. The soldier must have something for his labour and risk." And when the massacre subsided a little, then living men crept out from under corpses, lost children shrieking sought for their parents, infants were sucking the dead breasts of their mothers. More than six thousand bodies were thrown into the Elbe before the streets could be made passable, while an infinitely larger number were consumed by fire. Thirty thousand persons are supposed to have perished. But few details connected with that great war of Papal revenge can be new to our readers. It is another of those infernal efforts put forth by Rome in that era to recover its lost territory. It is possible that the spectacle of the rent and torn state of society around him not only inclined the gentle Calixtus to seek to heal, but made him too yielding and lenient in his desire to heal the essential crimes of Rome, both in faith and in life. He maintained that God's temple is the Word, not a pile of stones but holy Christianity; and he saw in the Pope the very antichrist in the holy place. His labours were not successful, nor were his sympathies apparently popular; he held with the emperor, and it seems to us that, like most spirits determined on the restoration of peace, he was disposed to peace at any price. The age, indeed, was unpractical; men were plunged into frivolous, and fruitless, and futile disputations. Men's souls were everywhere neglected; the Melancthonian spirit was everywhere decaying. "The theologians," says Meyfart, "not only blamed Melancthon, but devoted his spirit to the nethermost hell." We quite think there is another side of opinion, towards which Mr. Dowding has not been quite just—there was much in the age to foster and create severe opinions; and the atrocities of the empire, the league, and Rome, should be set in a strong light as some apology for the actions and convictions of men who certainly, sometimes, seem only a race of severe bigots. It was a horrible period too; and, to add to the horrors, the fever of witchcraft, as at similar seasons in the history of the world, broke out, "God and nature" it was said, "no longer did anything; the witches did all!" Witchfinders were prowling in the neighbourhood, whose stipend of a few thalers depended upon the number of persons they were able to burn. To Calixtus, indeed, there came, so far as peace could exist in the midst of such horrors, a season of peace; it continued, however, but for a short period. In the year 1644, Wladislaus IV., King of Poland, exerted himself to originate

a discussion or conference which might reunite his subjects in a common faith : it was convened at Thorn. Of course, little could be hoped for from such a convocation ; to it, however, attempts, which failed, were made that Calixtus should be invited, and not by the wish so much of his brother theologians, as by the determination of his great and fast friend, the Duke Augustus, and in effect, although he went to Thorn, in great state, conveyed by the Duchess Dowager Anna Sophia of Brunswick, he was not admitted to the conference ; he had no share in it ; he was excluded by jealous folly ; and the man who, of all others, had striven for peace, had made, and was making, it the object of his life—who had thought of it, written of it—spoken of it on all sides, and had faced in old age a weary journey to further it, was excluded from an assembly convened to promote it ! Such perversity is not confined to history. The history of Protestantism has been, most lamentably, the history of disintegration, and it continues such. Protestants were at war with Calixtus ; they were also mournfully at war with each other. In 1654, Calixtus lost his wife, the good Frau Calixtus ; he also was receiving hints and intimations to be ready for his departure to the country, far away from the venom and the bitterness of Calovius, who only, a little before his death, had designated his principles as “the excrements of Satan.” He could study little and read but little. As he passed along to the dark valley, his piety shone out more conspicuously. In regard to his bitter opponents, he expressed a belief that a very few years would obliterate the memory of all their harshness. “I commend all things to God,” he said, “and I await from day to day, with joy, my “passage to the heavenly *Academia* ; free as it is from “all cares, all adversities, all virulence and persecutions ;” and when his friend Cellarius comforted him with the assurance, that the faithful God, whose church he had served so long, would still prove himself true, and not suffer him to be tempted above his power, “that confidence” he answered, “have I also, in my dear, kind God.” He spoke of Christ as his highest treasure, his chief good. He said, “I know no other merit ; Christ’s death and merit is all my merit.” Mr. Dowding’s picture of his death-bed is sketched with great and edifying beauty, and his reflections on the result of the life are very admissible ; he says :—

The last night was come, and he slept, for the most part, very peacefully. Towards morning he asked several times (contrary to his custom) for wine. After taking it, he lay nearly two hours with closed eyes, as if asleep. About nine o’clock Cellarius was again sent for ; Tappius also, and Titius and the sons. His faithful servant

Rosen and some women were present. The texts and prayers which Cellarius uttered he softly assented to, with "Yes" and "Amen." His last words were not entirely audible; but amidst the prayers and the tears of those around, he turned himself a little on one side, as if composing himself to sleep; and then, without a sigh or any sign of pain, or the least alteration of his features, he ceased, soon after ten o'clock, to breathe.

So died the most remarkable divine of his day. We need not dwell upon his theology, nor discuss the many questions which, perhaps, might rise out of it. It suffices (for the present) to have told the story of his life; and to have placed him before the eyes of English readers, as a man who deserves to be better known than he is. There is that, too, in the present attitude of thought in England which may well make us thankful to have him to point to. Learned, loyal, liberal-minded and wise; able to reconcile his own earnest convictions with the gentlest regard for the convictions of others; seeing in the *dictum* of Church and Council not merely an engine to confound a foe, but a means for the guidance and direction of all; quarrying the rock of historical truth not for fragments wherewithal to pelt an adversary, but for blocks which might be worked into a firm foundation, whereon all Christian men might stand together.

He was buried three weeks after his death, under the altar of the Church of St. Stephen's, at Helmstadt. His funeral was attended by the hereditary Prince Augustus, and by the Duke Rudolf Augustus; with the representatives of the other Dukes appeared a representative of the Abbot of St. Ludger, a Roman Catholic prelate. We cannot close this interesting volume without again expressing our high sense of its interest and its value, as a picture of the times to which it refers; it is very instructive reading, but its true value is, as its author has desired it should be, in the presentation of a portrait which may be studied with great advantage by earnest and pious minds and hearts in our day—the life of a pure spirit, who, amidst all the noises around him, never ceased to labour and to pray for peace; to us, such a life ought to be very acceptable, and, surely, could we follow in the pathway of Calixtus, and attempt to reduce to that which is proved the number of our theological fundamentals, we should find not only that number to be but few, but large scope would be left for concessions to charity, and even to infirmity. The volume before us, by its readable, not less than by its instructive, interest, is well fitted alike for the book club and for the student's library. To the last it presents the claim of being, so far as we are aware, the only life of Calixtus accessible through our language.

Incidentally, the volume contains allusions to, and brief records of, many men of mark in those times, Antonio D'Dominis and others. Of some, the intention of the interesting biographer would have been more complete had he

given to us a more lengthened record. He has not with sufficient distinctness brought out the views of Calixtus, as in opposition to those of his chief antagonist, Abraham Calovius, the harsh champion of pugnacious theology. His portrait, unamiable as it is, should have been drawn at some length; there is a work in the Church to be done, from age to age, which can only be done by unamiable spirits. The scheme of comprehension, the so-called syncretism of Calixtus—Calixtinism, as it came to be called—aiming at the union of Papists, Lutherans, and Calvinists, seems now, what it seemed for the most part then, a mere beautiful dream. Calovius fought against it with all his powers; heart and soul we may suppose he had not, but he had clearness, pertinacity, and, therefore, strength. It has been said, nature formed him for a grand inquisitor; he had stern features, a firm lower jaw, piercing eyes, and a tenacious will, as is the case with such characters; often he had fierce passions, but controlled them by cool calculation. Something of the nature of the man is seen in the fact that he married six times,—his last marriage four months after the death of his wife, to a very young bride; this was in his seventy-second year. He was a terrible scourge to Socinians, Arminians, and Bohmenists; he gave his voice everywhere for authority—the authority absolute and entire of every letter of Scripture. “Who will venture,” he exclaims, “to place the authority of Copernicus above that of “the Holy Spirit?” Who indeed? but the method of the question permits us to see the nature of the man and his stand-point. This was the man who fiercely joined issue with Calixtus; especially at Thorn. Two men more unlike it is impossible to conceive. How is it that, so usually, men in conflict represent extremes? It had been well that Calixtus should have shared something of the spirit of Calovius—his clearness, even his hardness, say also his justice; men like Calixtus are imposed on by their own beauty, they see their own wishes reflected in the waves of opinion, and we have no doubt that, certainly, of the truth of Rome Calovius formed a more just opinion than Calixtus. But if we regret that he had not a touch of the spirit of Calovius, how much more must we regret the absence of the spirit of Calixtus in Calovius; in him, all was bitter and harsh, and in his reason, all was unreasoning. These two seem to be renewed from age to age. They will not meet, they will not approach each other; Calovius surveys Calixtus with fierce, persecuting glances of hatred and intolerance, and Calixtus, from far off, sees so little imitable, reasonable, or amiable in Calovius, that he determines to preserve himself in silence and in distance, rather than risk the wreck of peace of mind in the conflict with such a foe.

II.

TENNYSON AND BROWNING.*

MOST of those who have reviewed Mr. Tennyson's new volume have given us the story of Enoch Arden. A girl grows up with two playmates—a stout, orphan, sailor lad, and the only son of the rich miller. Both fall in love with her; the sailor is the boldest boy—

Enoch spoke his love, but Philip loved in silence.

Of course the girl loves Enoch. He works, saves, gets a boat of his own, and a neat, well-appointed house, and marries Annie Lee. All goes on well till Enoch, while away at a larger town, falls from a mast and breaks his leg. Fishing was a hard life even before, and now, of course, he loses his "place in the rank;" and so, despairing of doing well for his children, at his own craft, he takes a berth as boatswain, in a ship bound for China, first setting Annie up in a shop "full of all that seamen needed or their wives."

She is much against his going—however,

He set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores;
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow—having ordered all
Almost as neat and close as nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused;

A description which, while eminently suggestive, wants something of our author's usual clearness. He will go, in spite of her fears; their parting is very simply and beautifully told:—

"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is he not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him? And the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

* 1. *Enoch Arden, &c.* By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate.
Edward Moxon and Co.
2. *Dramatis Personæ*, By Robert Browning. Chapman and Hall.

She gives him a lock of hair of the latest born, the sickly child; and he sails. He trades and makes money; but on the homeward voyage he is wrecked on a desolate island; and, after long years of hopeless loneliness, is found by a chance ship, comes home, a ruined and broken old man, finds Annie married at last to Philip, to whom she has just borne a son; and, after holding on for a few months, doing work at unlading, &c., he dies at the little "Fisher's Inn," having entrusted his story to his hostess, given her the lock of hair, and told her that his children may come and see him, but his wife must not.

The critics have been perplexed as to whether Enoch was right in hiding himself; others have thought he ought to have died and made no sign. When we read, we don't ask what he ought to have done; we feel we are reading what he did. And this *intense naturalness* is the chief feature of the poem. With what a quiet, perfectly pre-Raphaelite, bit of word-painting it begins:—

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down,
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

There is the calm of conscious strength, seen in so many of the Laureate's pictures of home scenery. How it brings to mind many a passage in the *Idylls* and elsewhere. It is as English as one of Gainsborough's pictures, or those of old Crome of Norfolk, just now blossoming into posthumous renown, to whose *East Anglia*, doubtless, the whole description belongs.

Take, by way of contrast, to show the many-sidedness of the poet, the following rendering of that oft-attempted scene—a tropical island—Enoch's island.

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world.

The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep

Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
 The blaze upon the waters to the east;
 The blaze upon his island overhead;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

Byron's *Island* is a great work, the best of his tales, perhaps, because the least forced; but, amid many beauties, it contains nothing so classically beautiful as this. We think of the "never ceasing round," described in the opening of the *Prometheus* though Æschylus, with all his pomp of words, wants the fulness (not one adjunct or epithet *too full*) of our modern poet.

Another description, English again, and true in every letter of our island, as well as of our coast. Well might the young farmer say, when his cousin was trying to make him *like poetry*, "Well, there's summut in that fellow—he's the first of them I ever knew that marked how the ash-buds are always black." Full, but not overloaded; rich in detail, teaching even close observers of nature, yet never mean or repulsively Teniers-like in his minuteness—such is Tennyson in description:—

Bright was that afternoon,
 Sunny, but chill; till drawn through either chasm
 Where either haven opened to the deeps,
 Roll'd a sea-haze, and whelm'd the world in gray;
 Cut off the length of highway on before,
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right
 Of wither'd holt, or tilth or pasturage.
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
 Disconsolate, and through the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down.
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

It would be easy to multiply italics, when every word is the right word, and in the right place. But we must give a few extracts from *Aylmer's Field*, 1793; of which the story is briefly this, how Edith, daughter of

Sir Aylmer Aylmer, that almighty man,
 Whose eyes from under a pyramidal head,
 Saw from his window nothing save his own—

loves and is beloved by Leolin Averill, the rector's handsome young lawyer-brother. Edith and Leolin Averill had plenty of

time to fall in love; for the baronet—a very Podsnap among baronets—

Yet had laid
No bar between them: dull and self-involved,
Tall and erect, but bending from his height,
With half-allowing smiles for all the world,
And mighty courteous in the main—his pride
Lay deeper than to wear it as his ring—
He, like an *Aylmer* in his *Aylmerism*,
Would no more care for Leolin's walking with her
Than for his old Newfoundland's.

Edith is a lovely creation, rich in true charity—the charity of helping people to help themselves—no mere “Lady Bountiful,” whose perfunctory benevolence wins scant gratitude. All the cottages on the estate are in splendid order, “each a “nest in bloom,” one with roses, one with lilies, another “in a “rosy sea of gilly-flowers:”—

Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought,
Each its own charm, and Edith's everywhere.

Here is a picture of what a squire's wife or daughter ought to be:—

She—so lowly-lovely, and so loving,
Queenly responsive when the loyal hand
Rose from the clay it worked in as she past,
Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
Of comfort, and an open hand of help,
A splendid presence flattering their poor roofs.

Leolin is her companion on these visits of loving mercy. He is popular, too; for he has

A grasp
Having the warmth and muscle of the heart,
A childly way with children, and a laugh
Ringing like proven golden coinage true.

The people look on them as “engaged;” and

— once, with Leolin at her side, the girl
Nursing a child, and turning to the warmth
The tender, pink, five-beaded baby-soles,
Heard the good mother softly whisper: “Bless,
God bless 'em; marriages are made in heav'n.”

But they have been too happy, and Leolin too idle. An “Indian kinsman,” rich, courtly, on the look-out for a wife, comes—makes Leolin most unnecessarily jealous, and gives a lot of presents, among them

A dagger in rich sheath, with jewels on it,
Sprinkled about in gold that branch'd itself,
Fine as ice ferns in January panes,
Made by a breath.

Edith gives this to Leolin, who soon gets scornfully thrust out of the house by the angry father, whom a "kind neighbour" had, amid a lot of chat about poachers and the like, at last wakened up to a sense of what was going on.

Leolin rushes to his brother's. After much

Foaming away his heart at Averill's ear

and, hearing that his brother had been jilted years ago, and

Lived for years a stunted, sunless life,

he determines to go up to town, work hard at his neglected law, win fame and high place—

Chancellor, or what is greatest would he be,
To shame these mouldy Aylmers in their graves.

His resolution is much helped by his brother's

*Richest beeswing from a bin reserved
For banquets;*

in fact, they sit up all night, drinking and discussing. Mr. Tennyson has not yet lost the tastes developed in *Will Water-proof's Monologue*.

Well, Leolin Averill goes up to his London chambers, full of fierce wrath against

These old pheasant-lords,
These partridge-breeders of a thousand years,
Who've mildewed in their thousands, doing nothing
Since Egbert.

In all this there is a touch of Locksley Hall and Lady Clara Vere de Vere. The favour of the great has not *spoiled* our poet. True gentility finds favour with him as of old, but the sham, the pinchbeck that sets up for being gold, he cannot abide them any more now than when he was not Laureate, but plain undergraduate of Trinity, Cambridge.

Leolin works, *oxes*, as the German students say, at his law—

And as we task ourselves
To learn a language known but smatteringly,
In phrases here and there at random, toil'd
Mastering the lawless science of our law
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances
Through which a few, by wit or fortune led,
May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.

He gets on, cheered by her letters. At last Sir Aylmer dis-

covers, in the dust of a hollow tree, a letter, which a crippled lad of the village was coming to carry to post. Poor Edith is watched more and more closely:—

Kept to the garden now, and grove of pines,
Watch'd even there; and one was set to watch
The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd them all.

Once only, when

Warm'd with his wines, or taking pride in her—
She look'd so sweet—he kissed her tenderly,
Not knowing what possessed him.

Then, for a moment she wavers; but the "ordeal by kindness" fails; and as, after this,

He seldom crost his child without a sneer,
While th' mother flow'd in shallower acrimonies;

Edith cannot be said to have any sore trial. The mother, "a faded beauty of the Baths," is very different from her in the ballad, who

"Didna speak,
But lookit in my face till my heart was like to break."

We could not have loved Edith, with such parents, if she had wavered for more than a moment.

Poor girl! she soon dies of low fever; and the self-same night Leolin starts up in bed with a wild shriek, waking his "chum;" is persuaded to lie down again for the time, but next day kills himself with Edith's dagger:—

Star to star vibrates light: may soul to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her own?
So—from afar—touch us at once? or why
That night, that moment, when she named his name,
Did he shriek keenly, "Yes, love, Edith, yes?"

Averill is asked to preach her funeral sermon. It is a cruel request; but Lady Aylmer

Had been used to find her pastor texts
and she thinks very little of his loss compared with her own. He is still more cruel in his way of fulfilling the wish, and preaches such a sermon on "your house is left unto you desolate" as makes "my lady" swoon then and there, and Sir Aylmer follow her out

Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle
Reeling, as footsore ox in crowded ways
Stumbling across the market to his death,
Unpitied, for he groped as blind.

The mother dies in a month; the father becomes imbecile, and goes about for two wretched years mourning, "desolate."

Then the great hall was wholly broken down,
And the broad woodland parcelled into farms;
And where these two contrived their daughter's good,
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run.

And so (for we are not told what becomes of the vindictive parson) ends this history—too sad, too cruel, were it not so beautifully told.

Of *Sea Dreams* there is less need to speak, for most of us read it when it appeared in *Macmillan* some time ago.

We never thought it equal to the poet's best; not that we are vexed at the following—for it is unhappily too true of much that is heard from certain pulpits.

They went the next,
The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,
To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the *Scarlet Woman* and her creed:
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd
"Thus, thus, with violence," even as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great angel; "thus, with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea."

This is a true bill against many both in church and chapel.
The story (it is hardly a story) is about the dream of a poor clerk who, with wife and children, comes down to the sea-side for his holiday. He has been nearly ruined by the villainy of some speculator; a fellow who, when asked to show his books,

Would begin to bloat himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean—"my dearest friend"
"Have faith, have faith! we live by faith," said he.

This man

With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crow's foot round his eye;
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain.
Made Him his cat'spaw and the Cross his tool,
And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool;
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And snake-like slimed his victim ere he gorged;
And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest
Arising did his holy oily best,
Dropping the too rough *h* in Hell and Heaven,
To spread the Word by which himself had thriven.

Mawworm with a vengeance; can any one say that he has

ever met with the original? We are not so happy in our experience as to say we have.

News comes, however, that the schemer has suddenly died of heart-disease—"what heart had he to die of?" roars his poor victim, waking the child with his rough voice—they are in bed when his wife tells him the news of his death; in bed, and "telling their dreams;" and happy it is for us that the child won't sleep again without one of the sweetest little songs that ever even our Laureate made.

Saying this,
The woman half-turned round from him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching thro' the night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half embraced the basket cradle-head
With one soft arm, whilst like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, sway'd
The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

She sleeps: let us too, let all evil sleep.
• • • Forgive him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder.

The Grandmother too, we remember from *Once a Week*, with its natural touches. The old woman who has outlived almost all her race, hears that "Willy, her beauty, her eldest-born, the flower of the flock" is gone. She can mind the time when

"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he would be bound "There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round."

She sees it all; the time when her husband wooed her

Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

She sees all her children about her, still

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team:

Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream,
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

And the neighbours come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

But we might quote the whole, it is all so true and so beautiful. This, for instance, is highest truth—

The tongue is a fire, as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire;
And a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
For a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

Then comes *Northern Farmer, old style*. The best thing of them all, but why should the best of all be written in a dialect which makes it a philological puzzle to five readers out of six? For ourselves, living in Wessex, we are used to strange speech, and glad to compare western with north-eastern dialectic variations; but we are certain *Bessy Morris's Barn*, for instance, must have *stumped* most readers. The piece has been quoted in almost every review—in the *Reader*, in the *Telegraph* (which, somehow, appeared first). No need to tell its story. These are wonderfully good lines:

I hallus comed to 's church afoor moy Sally wur deäd,
An' éerd un a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock ower my yeäd,
An' I niver knaw'd what a meän'd, but I thowt a ad summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a ow't t a' said, an' I comed awaäy.

Going to church, and hearing "paärson," how entirely it is an *opus operatum* with far too many in town as well as in country.

The old farmer feels his own worth; he contrasts himself with parson.

For a reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I a stubb'd Thornaby waäste.

—*The waäste*, boggle (bogy) and all, he stubbs up.

Thur warn't not feäd for a cow;
Warn't worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feäd,
Fowr-score yows upon it an' some on it down in seäd.
Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' this was to be done at fall,
Done it to-year I meän'd, and runn'd plow thraff it an' all,
If Godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän.
Do Godamoighty knaw what a's doing a taäkin' o' mieä?

He's managed all for Squire for thirty years and more; and who is fit to take to the land when he's gone, that is what chiefly puzzles the dying man. He dies in harness, a stout Norseman of the nineteenth century.

I weänt breäk rules for Doctor, a knows none moor nor a floy,
Git ma my yaäle I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun doy.

So much for a very successful "experiment." Mr. Tennyson's other "experiments," in small print at the end of the book, are not very attractive. "Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant!" it is almost as bad as a bit of Guy's *Memoria Technica*. Yet this rugged anapaestic metre suits well with the sombre subject.

Must their ever-ravening eagle's beak and talon annihilate us?
Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering?
Bark an answer, Briton's raven; bark and blacken innumerable,
Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcase a skeleton
Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolf-kin, from the wilderness wallow in it.

Lo! their precious Roman bantling, lo! their colony Cāmalodune;
Shall we teach it a Roman lessōn? shall we care to be pitiful?

On the other side of the globe the poor hopeless wretches, fighting now in grim despair, "Akē, akē, akē," "for ever, for ever," the *Christians* whom we have taught to disown their creed, and, digging up Captain Lloyd's head, to use it as charm to inaugurate a brotherhood of invincibles whose watchword is the howl of the wild dog, the Maoris twelve thousand miles off are now perhaps singing the self-same song, having suffered much the same wrongs. When will Sepoy "rebellions," following on Oudh annexations, and Belfast riots—fruit of "Protestant ascendancy," teach us that—

Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds?

The working out is effective; but what would the gentle Cowper say of the rhythm and diction?

"When the British warrior queen"

is softness and harmony itself after lines like

There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous emperor-idiot.

The Laureate's pet among his *Experiments* seems to be the hendecasyllabic line.—

O you chorus of indolent reviewers,
Irresponsible indolent reviewers.

His alcaics we cannot praise. English sapphics may pass (though some one whispers they are not real sapphics at all), but who could even find anything to praise in English alcaics?

Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palm woods
Whisper in odorous heights of even.

That is the best that even Tennyson of the perfect ear, of the delicately soft rhythm, can give us. We only hope he will never be at the trouble of trying any more. How many great men have been "doing Homer" of late. We have here a bit of Iliad in blank verse, little worth in itself, but it shows us how much *Mort d' Arthur*, *Ulysses*, &c., owe to the father of song; how much, in fact, the Laureate's style is formed on the old models.

Of the miscellaneous pieces we shall not say much. A pretty dedication to his wife: the *Welcome to Alexandra*, the German, whom everybody chooses to mistake for a Dane: *the Islet*, which is full of musical madness like so many in the old two volumes of long years ago.

Whither O whither, love, shall we go?
In a shallop of crystal ivory-beaked,
With a satin sail of a ruby glow
To a sweet little Eden on earth that I know;
Waves on a diamond shingle dash,
Fairly-delicate palaces shine
Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine.

It reminds us of Tom Hood's sweet little canzonet.

A lake and a fairy boat
To sail in the moon-tide clear,
And merrily would we float
From the dragons who watched us here.

Thy robe should be snow-white silk
And strings of orient pearl,
Like gossamers dipt in milk,
Should twine in each raven curl.

The Ringlet is another proof (if proof were needed) of our poet's many-sidedness. It is intensely German in form and turn of thought—as German as Boadicea is British.

The Voyage is a fine, wild history, in rich and glowing verse, of how 'the Ship of Fools' "sails round the world for evermore," each man bent on following till he makes the Queen of his ideal his own. It is a sort of *heathenized* "*Sir Galahad*."

O hundred shores of happy climes
How swiftly streamed ye by the bark!
At times the whole sea burned, at times
With wakes of fire we tore the dark;
At times a carven craft would shoot
From havens hid in fairy bowers,
With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,
But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.

Here is the old touch; which, too, on a different string, we find in *Tithonus*—classical and yet unclassical, like *Ænone*

and *Ulysses*, Tennysonian in fact; "for" (as the *Times* says) "just as $A=A$ is the simplest metaphysical proposition, and Allah is Allah, is the highest which man can predicate, so Tennyson is Tennyson, is the expression of a primal truth, we cannot understand his being anybody else, or ceasing to be himself for ever so short a time." How different his *Tithonus* from the wild rhapsody of Clough—ἐπὶ Λάτμω.

"On the mountain, in the woodland,
In the shadowy misty dell;
I have seen thee; I have known thee;
I was thine, and thou wast mine."

Much more like to this is what they, the swarthy Asiatics, who invented, or dreamt the *Tithonus* legend may have sung. But Greeker, more statuesque are such lines as—

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt
In days far off, on that dark earth, be true?
"The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."
Ay me, ay me, with what another heart
In days far off and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if it be I that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimsoned all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kissed
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet.

We are out-growing our classics in this go-a-head age; years ago, not so many years neither, you might safely quote a Greek or Roman legend to any man with a good coat on his back—not to speak of the large army of "poor scholars" who had only very old and greasy ones. Now crowds of well-dressed and (as the phrase goes) well-educated people know no more who *Tithonus* was than who is the present Grand Lama. How can such people be expected to read *Dramatis Personæ*? The Laureate perplexes them occasionally, but he is on the whole intelligible. Mr. Browning, on the contrary, is decidedly hard. Reading many of his poems is like solving difficult cubic equations; after you've worked a long time there are still *impossible roots*, "irrational quantities" which defy your best efforts at solution. Reading many of Browning's poems is like coming suddenly into the midst of a conversation of two or three "æsthetic" young men who love to test one another with paradoxes. You might keep up with them perhaps, though the effort would be

painful, if you began with them and started fair: as it is, you know neither what the discussion is about nor the jargon in which it is carried on; all you can do is to admire the bright flashes of thought struck out, as it were, by chance, and to linger over the sweet flowers of fancy which are scattered here, there, and everywhere, as if the arguers were pelting one another with roses. Browning has none of Tennyson's sweetness: he is coarser too—striving thereby to appear stronger. The wonderful rhythm of the Laureate is here replaced by a seemingly studied roughness—we say seemingly studied, because, at rare intervals, it gives place to a little bit of exquisite melody, as if some wild wind that had been all day scolding, shattering, tearing, were suddenly to blow across an Æolian harp. Again, Tennyson is always Tennyson; it is no use his trying (as in *Will Waterproof*) to be anybody else. His *manner* is always recognizable whatever his subject. But Browning, on the other hand, is a many-sided poet, a sort of mocking-bird among the bards. Here, for instance, is a bit of exaggerated Keats:—

Oh good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

Very beautiful in its way, keeping close to that "modern Greek" style, which, in a somewhat unclassical way, gives life and thought to nature. The opening scene of *A Death in the Desert*, the most *finished* thing in the whole volume, is like Tennyson in his *Enone* manner.

St. John lies a-dying in a cave in the desert.

I said, if one should wet his lips with wine
And slip the broadest plantain-leaf we find,
Or else the lappet of a linen robe
Into the water vessel, lay it right,
And cool his forehead just above the eyes,
The while a brother, kneeling either side,
Should clasp each hand and try to make it warm,
He is not so far gone but he might speak.

Three grown brethren and a boy are watching, while

Beyond and half-way up the mouth o' the cave
The Bactrian convert, having his desire,
Kept watch, and made pretence to graze a goat
That gave us milk, on rags of various herb,
So that if any thief or soldier passed
(Because the persecution was aware)
Yielding the goat up promptly with his life,
Such man might pass on, joyful at a prize,
Nor care to pry into the cool o' the cave.

But neither the drop of wine, nor the damp cloth, nor a ball
of rard which Valens breaks, avail to make him more than

— turn

And smile a little as a sleeper does
If any dear one call him, touch his face—
And smiles and loves, and will not be disturbed.

At last the boy,

Stung by the splendour of a sudden thought,

fetches from their crypt "the seventh plate of graven lead," and
reads from it, "I am the resurrection and the life." Whereat
the dying man sits up, and begins to talk, comparing himself to
a burnt-out stick, on which if you breathe, the spark runs back
and spreads itself through the whole length where the fire was.
He dwells on the thought that when the ashes which keep awhile
his semblance are scattered, no one will be left who saw and
handled the Word of Life. Then, he speaks of the difficulties
which grew up as doubters multiplied, and tells how he answered
them. This is his answer (for instance) to the cavil, "Why
have miracles ceased?"

I say that as the babe you feed awhile
Becomes a boy and fit to feed himself,
So minds at first must be spoon-fed with truth :
When they can eat, babe's nurture is withdrawn.
I fed the babe whether it would or no :
I bid the boy or feed himself or starve.
I cried once, "That ye may believe in Christ,
Behold this blind man shall receive his sight."
I cry now, "Urgest thou, *for I am shrewd*
And smile at stories, how John's word could cure—
Repeat that miracle and take my faith ?
I say, that miracle was duly wrought
When, save for it, no faith was possible.
Whether a change were wrought i' the shows o' the world,
Whether the change came from our minds which see
Of the shows o' the world so much as and no more
Than God wills for his purpose—(what do I
See now, suppose you, there where you see rock
Round us?)—I know not ; such was the effect,
So faith grew, making void more miracles
Because too much : they would compel, not help.
I say the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise.
Would'st thou improve this to re-prove the proved ?
In life's mere minute, with power to use that proof,
Leave knowledge, and revert to how it sprung ?
Thou has't it ; use it and forthwith, or die."

We have quoted this passage at full length, because it con-

tains such an excellent protest against sensationalism, and such a lucid statement of (we fancy) Mr. Browning's own view on the vexed question of miracles. The whole piece is argumentative in the same style; no attempt to describe the dying of St. John. He lifts off from men's souls this,

Burden of the latest time,

and would consent even to tarry another hundred years, if there is any other doubt

Wherein my brothers struggling need a hand.
But he was dead . . and we five buried him
That eve . . .

and he, the narrator, says

Lest the memory of this go quite
Seeing that I to-morrow fight the beasts
I tell the same to Phœbas, whom believe!

Cerinthus reads the MS., and is musing on it, when one adds "that Christ must either be the illimitable God, or of all men "wretchedest and most lost, seeing that He said He lived, and died "to grow incorporate with all righteous souls—each one with "His"—with which anti-Arian argument this remarkable poem ends.

About *Too Late* there is the same doubt as about *James Lee*, and others. You are not certain that you are following the poet's meaning; you can't help fancying you are putting in an unauthorized explanation of your own. This feeling is provoking enough in the case of poor Edgar Poe, though, in reading him, you have the consolation that very possibly he had no particular meaning himself. Mr. Browning has a meaning you are sure, but have you caught it? In *Too Late* the lady married the wrong person, jilting the true poet and man of mind; she dies six years afterwards; her husband, the poor weak creature

Who rhymed her his rubbish nobody read,
Loved her, and doved her,

is "tagging her epitaph;" while the strong man who should have had her is wild with mad sorrow and self-reproach, that he let her go so easily—

I ought to have done more
Why men do more to deserve a friend,
Be rid of a foe, grow rich, grow wise,
Nor folding their arms stare fate in the face.

But in the last stanza the lady stands before him,

Warm too and white too: would this wine
Had washed all over that body of yours
Ere I drank it, and you down with it, thus.

Is it her spirit? or has she not died at all, but only run away from her husband; or is the marriage merely an idie dream? Who shall say? We can "e'en just *sort oursen*" (as they say in the North), and affix whichever meaning jumps best with our frame of mind at the time of reading.

Abt Vogler to his organ is a fine wild laudation of music. We quoted largely from it three months ago. All poet's and painter's work is at best "triumphant art."—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
 Existent behind all laws, that made them, and lo! they are;
 And I know not if save in this, such a gift be allowed to man,
 That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
 Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;

Give it to me to use; I mix it with two in my thought;
 And, there! ye have heard and seen; consider and bow the head.

There are wonderful lines in the piece; but why should Mr. Browning have chosen to write it in rhyming "longs and shorts," with an accentuation too, which, by its utter unclassicalness, will not tend to increase our faith in the possibility of reproducing in English the classical metres.

Who can tell us what *James Lee* means? A girl, wofully ill-taught—for she goes dead against all the dear old familiar classic metaphors, when she says,

The vines writhe in rows, each impaled on its snake,
 (these are French vines; which somewhat, perhaps, excuses the very unpleasant figure)—finds her lover (a painter-lover, seemingly) growing cold,

This turns to a fault,—there! there!
 That I do love, watch too long;
 And wait too well, and weary and wear,
 And 'tis all an old story, and my despair
 Fit subject for some new song.

She communes with the wind along the sea-shore:—

Still ailing, wind? wilt be appeased or no?
 Which needs the other's office, thou or I?
 Dost want to be disburdened of a woe,
 And can, in truth, my voice untie
 Its links, and let it go?
 Art thou a dumb wronged thing that would be righted,
 Entrusting thus thy cause to me? Forbear.
 No tongue can mend such pleadings; faith, requited
 With falsehood—love, at last aware
 Of scorn—hopes, early slighted.
 I know not any tone
 So fit as thine to falter forth a sorrow.

This is very beautifully put, even if we insist on seeing the germ of it in Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*. And in this style the "lyrical drama" rolls on, helped forward by the somewhat irrelevant "headings," to the short scenes into which it is broken up. The poor thing feels she is ugly, unworthy of him—she wishes a face would rise up, when he thought of her, like his face seems to her,

With eyes as dear in their due degree,
 Much such a mouth, and as bright a brow,
 'Till you saw yourself, while you cried "'tis she!"
 And if one touch of such a love for me
 Came in a word or look of yours.
 Could I fancy "As I feel, thus feels He;"
 Why, fade you might to a thing like me,
 And your hair grow these coarse hanks of hair,
You might turn myself, should I know or care,
 When I should be dead of joy, James Lee?

He is so handsome: his very hand so perfect that she must draw it; and, kissing it first, lays the red chalk between her lips,

With soul to help if the mere lips fail,
 Kisses all right where the drawing ails,
 Kisses fast the grace that somehow slips,
 Still from one's soulless finger-tips.

But she has sacrificed herself,

There is nothing to remember in me,
 Nothing I ever said with a grace,
 Nothing I did that you cared to see,
 Nothing I was that deserves a place
 In your mind, now I leave you, set you free.

The burden is surely unequally divided; the man suffers little or nothing, the woman breaks her heart; there are many James Lees, and many "little girls with the poor coarse hand," of whom they tire sooner than they fancied they should.

All this and more comes from some young man's pride
 Of power to see—in failure and mistake,
 Relinquishment, disgrace on every side—
 Merely examples for his sake,
 Helps to his path untried.

A cruel species of anatomy, which demands living "subjects," and works chiefly on heart and nerves.

Such is our reading of *James Lee*; but it does not stand alone in the book as a *doubtful* poem. Obscurity is Mr. Browning's "*differentia*." Either he cannot help it, or he purposely affects it. We cannot say of him that he is a more *imaginative* poet than the Laureate, but he is certainly vastly more *fanciful*; and since (as we said) he does not stop to tell you the

beginning of his thought, you often get hopelessly lost amid an intricate maze of fancies and conceits. There is a precious truth in this from *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, which, our readers will remember, we gave at length last July. It is not what the world calls our "work" whereby we shall be judged, but by—

All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount :
Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped ;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,

'This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

We must leave our readers to guess, if they do not consult the volume, how this clay-and-potter view of man is dexterously made to work in with a free-will which *ought* always to be looking upward.

The longest poem in the book is *Mr. Sludge the Medium* ; and we shall quote from it at some length, and give a full analysis of it with a view to show how plainly and with what direct purpose Browning can write when he thinks fit. A severe satire on our "civilisation" is this growth of absurd beliefs, which in America and England have gained so many adherents among educated people. To think that in the age of electric telegraphs and steam—everything, when men are making the Suez Canal, and fighting with "Monitors" and Whitworth guns, one should have to pause and confute such rubbish as that which Mr. Home's votaries believed. Confuted it must be, and no one could have done the work better than Mr. Browning. His *Mr. Sludge the Medium* is a clever *exposé* of the absurdities of spiritualism. The *medium* and his master quarrel ; the latter is indignant that Sludge *has cheated him*. Sludge at first implores mercy ; says it was only this once ; but soon, taking heart, turns the tables on his employer by threatening to explain in Greeley's newspaper, how the whole system of lies is worked out. The "investigator" gets frightened, offers ever so many V-notes, and will pay Sludge's passage out to England if he'll hold his tongue. Then follows from Sludge a justification of himself ; how he was forced into being what he is by the intense folly of people in general. Men, 'cute enough in all things else, are duped the moment you talk of "the supernatural." A party, after dinner, are talking of shares and five pound notes ; a boy, listening through the keyhole, bursts in, and cries—"I've got a V-note ;" he gets kicked, and is asked, "where did you steal it ?" But if the same men are

talking about ghosts, the Cock Lane ghost, for instance, or John Wesley's, and the boy says, "Sir, I saw a ghost," straightway he is made much of:—

Tell it out!

Don't fear us! take your time and recollect!
Sit down first: try a glass of wine, my boy!
Does the boy blunder, blurt out this, blab that;
Break down in the other, as beginners will?
That's the bad memory or the natural shock;
His very hesitating proves his honesty.

This is how "*mediums*" are made, and the process is well drawn out. The first half-lie, growing to a seven-feet thick lie; the impossibility of going back, of telling people you have made fools of them, "would *you* be more courageous?"

I lied, Sir,—there, I got up from my gorge
On offal in the gutter; and preferred
Your canvass-backs. I took the carver's size,
Measured his modicum of intelligence,
Tickled him on the cockles of his heart
With a raven feather, and next week found myself
Sweet and clean, dining daintily, dizen'd smart,
Set on a stool buttressed by ladies' knees,
Every soft smiler calling me her pet,
Encouraging my story to uncoil,
And creep out of its hole, inch after inch;
"How last night, I no sooner snug in bed,
Tucked up, just as they left me,—than came raps!
While a light whisked." . . "Shaped somewhat like a star?"
"Well, like some sort of stars, ma'am." "So we thought!
And any voice?" "Not yet." "Try hard, next time,
If you can't hear a voice; we think you may:
At least the Pennsylvanian *medium* did."
Oh, next time comes the voice!—"Just as we hoped!"
Are not the hoppers proud now, pleased, profuse
Of the natural acknowledgment? Of course!
So off we push, illy-oh-yo, trim the boat,
On we sweep with a cataract ahead,
We're midway to the Horse-shoe: stop, who can,
The dance of bubbles gay about our prow!
Experiences become worth waiting for;
Spirits now speak up, tell their inmost mind,
And compliment the *medium* properly,
Concern themselves about his Sunday coat,
See rings on his hand with pleasure. Ask yourself
How you'd receive a course of treats like these!

It is easy work too, to fool men thus—

I'm spared all further trouble; all's arranged;
Your circle does my business; I may rave
Like an epileptic dervish in the books,
Foam, fling myself flat, rend my clothes to shreds;

No matter : lovers friends and countrymen
 Will lay down spiritual laws, read wrong things right
 By the rule of reverse. If Francis Verulam
 Styles himself Bacon, spells the name beside
 With a *y* and a *k*, says he drew breath in York,
 Gave up the ghost in Wales, where Cromwell reigned,
 (As, sir, we somewhat fear he was apt to say,
 Before I found the useful book that knows,)
 Why, what harm's done ? The circle smiles apace,
 "It was not Bacon, after all, do you see !
 We understand ; the trick's but natural :
 Such spirits' individuality
 Is hard to put in evidence ; they incline
 To gibe and jeer, these undeveloped sorts."

Or, else, the excuse is, that the *medium* is an imperfect one—

What's a medium ? he's a means,
 Good, bad, indifferent, still the only means
 Spirits can speak by ; he may misconceive,
 Stutter and stammer—he's their sludge and drudge,
 Take him or leave him ; they must hold their peace,
 Or else, put up with having knowledge strained
 To half-expression through his ignorance.

When people are determined to be made fools of, it is not easy to hinder them : for the grossest ignorance, the wildest mistakes, for everything a reason can be assigned, which more than satisfies the faithful—

In short, a hit proves much, a miss proves more ;

and if an importunate sceptic comes in to the "select party of "spiritualists," why, he gets bullied for his pains—"shame ! "to outrage a poor boy, exposed by our good faith"—and has to slink off abashed. The *medium* is a cheat, but then it is the fools, his patrons, who make him so :—"It's too bad, I say, ruining a soul so !" They lead him on from bad to worse. He, a poor excitable creature, has really had fancies, and heard noises in his ears, to which his vanity and their praises led him to assign a meaning, &c.

. Then, at last, urged by their importunities, *he jogs the table*—it is so easy to do a trick when you've practised it.

Why, just this biscuit that I chip,
 Did you ever watch a baker toss one flat
 To the oven ? Try and do it ! Take my word,
 Practise but half as much, while limbs are lithe,
 To turn, shove, tilt a table, crack your joints,
 Manage your feet, dispose your hands aright,
 Work wires that twitch the curtains, play the glove
 At the end of your slipper—then put out the lights,
 And there, there, all you want you'll get, I hope !
 I found it slip, easy as an old shoe.

It is the ethics of spiritualism with which we chiefly find fault. It makes all concerned cheats, intentional or not, and above all, it degrades our idea of God and spirit to a depth which to any old Greek would have been simply inconceivable. And then what working for base ends on our best feelings. Talk of tests, says the poet, how can you test the truth or falsehood of an experiment, how be on your guard against collusion,

When you are told that what produced the raps
Was just a certain child who died, you know,
And whose last breath you thought your lips had felt?
"Eh? That's a capital point, ma'am," Sludge begins
At your entreaty with your dearest dead,
"The little voice set lisping once again,
The tiny hand made feel for yours once more,
The poor lost image brought back, plain as dreams,
Which image, if a word had chanced recall,
The customary cloud would cross your eyes,
Your heart return the old tick, pay its pang!
A right mood for investigation, this!
One's at one's ease with Saul and Jonathan,
Pompey and Cæsar; but one's own lost child...."

All the "little touches of truth" which *mediums* retail are, in Mr. Browning's opinion, only "facts out of the drift of facts," which any one who is always on the *qui vive* is sure to learn, nay which anybody who sits still and listens is pretty certain to pick up plenty of. He tells a story of a Roman cobbler who sat at his work all day—

Never asked questions, stopped to listen or look,
Nor lifted nose from lapstone; let the world
Roll round his three-legged stool, and news run in
The ears he hardly seemed to keep prick'd up.

Yet he hears so much that it is worth the Papal government's while to keep him permanently in their pay.

He'd engage tell you some one little thing
Of some one man, which led to many more,
(Because one truth leads right to the world's end,)
And make you that man's master—when he dined
And on what dish, where walked to keep his health
And to what street. *His trade was, throwing thus
His sense out, like an ant-eater's long tongue,
Soft, innocent, warm, moist, impassible,
And when it was crusted o'er with creatures—slick,
Their juice enriched his palate.*

Let us be thankful that the spy-system is so little developed among us, that human ant-eaters of this type are rare in these islands. They are the strength of continental despotisms,

political and religious. Among some races there would seem to be an innate love of playing the spy: Roman delatores, council of ten with their informers and informers on the informers, mouchards, secret police of all kinds, would fare but poorly did they not ply their craft in a congenial atmosphere. If anything could naturalize the spy system among us it would be the spread of spiritualism, the necessity laid on the operator and his *medium* of ferreting out scraps of information respecting those on whom they practise.

Very terrible is the cynicism in which Sludge grows up. His master supports him against all carping sceptics.

He may cheat at times ;
That's in the *medium*-nature, thus they're made,
Vain and vindictive, cowards, prone to scratch.
And so all cats are ; still a cat's the beast,
You coax the strange electric sparks from out,
By rubbing back its fur ; not so a dog,
Nor lion nor lamb ; 'tis the cat's nature, sir !
Why not the dog's ? Ask God, who made the beasts !

He's stuff to make a *medium*. Bless your soul
'Tis these hysteric hybrid half-and-halves,
Equivocal worthless vermin yield the fire !
We must take such as we find them, 'ware their tricks,
Wanting their service.

" Cheat others if you can, me, if you dare ! "
And, my wise sir, I dared
Did cheat you first, made you cheat others next.

You used me ?
Have not I used you, taken full revenge ?

And so he grows insolent in cynicism, scorning the fools he has to deal with, hating the " operator " who thinks he has been making a tool of him—

Don't talk of gratitude to me ! For what ?
For being treated as a showman's ape,
Encouraged to be wicked and make sport,
Fret or sulk, grin or whimper, any mood
So long as the ape be in it and no man—
Curse your superior, superintending sort,
Who, since you hate smoke, send up boys that climb
To cure your chimney, bid a *medium* lie
To sweep you truth down ! Curse your women too,
Your insolent wives and daughters, that fire up
Or faint away if a male hand squeeze theirs,
Yet to encourage Sludge, may play with Sludge
As only a *medium*, only the kind of thing
They must humour, fondle . . . Oh, to misconceive
Were too preposterous ! But I've paid them out.

What a training ! Well may poor Sludge exclaim :—

It's too bad, I say, ruining a soul so !

We have said a great deal anent "Mr. Sludge the *Medium*," for it is plain sailing throughout (and, you know, gentle reader, we critics and commentators always eschew the difficult, the incomprehensible—this has been well exemplified in all the reviews of *Dramatis Personæ*—who has ventured to explain *James Lee* ?); but, chiefly, because, in Mr. Sludge, the poet is enforcing a much-needed lesson. This hankering after the supernatural is growing stronger and stronger as the bands of true faith are, for many, being relaxed—your unbeliever is ever superstitious. Dives, who never felt duty nor acted up to responsibility, Dives it is who thinks "one who rose from the dead" will be a more potent teacher than Moses and the prophets. Mesmerism was an out-growth of the godlessness of the last century. Spiritualism fills the same place now. To think of "clergymen" taking the thing by the hand, and writing grave books about table-turning, and asking the spirit where some neighbour of loose life, recently dead, now is, while ladies faint as the answer, "I'd rather not say," is rapped out—all this would be laughable were it not pitiable both in itself and in its results. Spiritualism leads Sludge to *Fichteism*, to a hard Calvinistic view of special providences—very much like the theory of the world which Caliban puts into the mouth of his god Setebos. Men are billiard-balls on the world-table.

Some unseen agency, outside the world
Prompteth its puppets to do this or that.

You talk of "private mercies," of missing your handkerchief, and losing, while looking for it, the train.

Saving your precious self from what befel
The thirty-three whom Providence forgot.

Why should not I live by signs, and say that, if I spy Charles's Wain at midnight, it warns me to have my hair cut to-morrow? Remember—

Sludge is of all importance to himself.

The creature really acts on his signs and omens, and sticks to it that they don't fail oftener than other rules—for judging character at any rate. He is the child of Providence, and so must expect to find the suit and service which sons and heirs get; and if you ask,—

Shall the Heaven of Heavens stoop to such child's play?

He tells you the old-world notion that Providence only dealt with the grand and vast is exploded, "modern discovery" shews us that—

Great things are made of little things,
 And little things go lessening till at last
 Comes God behind them
 The small becomes the dreadful and immense.
 THE NAME comes close behind a stomach-cyst
 That simplest of creations, which just lives
 And feels; and could do neither, we conclude,
 If simplified still further one degree.

As to special providences—

You'd fain distinguish between gift and gift,
 Washington's oracle and Sludge's itch
 O' the elbow when at whist he ought to trump?
 With Sludge it's too absurd? *Fine, draw the line*
Somewhere, but, sir, your somewhere is not mine.

It is a strange mental analysis, this, of a man who knows he's cheating, takes a strange pleasure in it—says

There's secret sweet self-sacrifice
 In any desecration of one's soul
 To a worthy end;

and deems it a pity

To let truth's lump rot stagnant for the lack
 Of a timely helpful lie to leaven it.

You put a chalk egg under the hen; I've told my lie and seen truth follow—besides, I cheat in self-defence; everybody does it: my cheating, too, Mr. Operator, how it has "completed your life," else so poor, so cabin'd, cribb'd, confined; "you're supplemented, made a whole at last," no more hard work for scanty pay, but abundance, both of realities and fancies, for you now. Further yet, all poetry, all history is a sham;

How many lies did it require to make
 The portly truth you here present us with?

May well be asked of every writer; and why should not I, Sludge, invent too?

We said Mr. Sludge was plain: so he is compared to most of our modern *Persius's* enigmatic oracular utterances: but even here it is not all clear. Does Mr. Browning, for instance, mean to deny all special providences, or is he only laughing at the way in which Sludge and Co. make such truths contemptible? We presume the latter: for our poet claims to be orthodox. Take his *Legend of Parnic*—about a beautiful girl of high degree, whose only fault was too much pride in her lovely golden hair, and who, dying, prayed that it might not be cut off when she was dead: they bury her; and years on years after some children playing in the church pick out a double louis d'or from a chink in her grave stone. The priest steps forward,

persuades them to search further, and they bring up thirty heavy gold coins. His reverence spends them in building a new altar, and says masses for her soul whom too great pride of beauty had hitherto kept out of heaven. Thus she is saved by a strange miracle: part of the very hair she set such store by is changed into veritable gold, and this gold applied to holy purposes accomplishes her release. It is a wild story, not modelled on a high type among expiation theories. Mr. Browning, however, shows himself, as we said, severely orthodox, giving us such lines as these:

The candid incline to surmise of late
That the Christian faith may be false, I find;
For our Essays and Reviews' debate
Begins to tell on the public mind,
And Colenso's words have weight:

I still, to suppose it true, for my part,
See reasons and reasons; thus, to begin,
'Tis the faith that launch'd point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
The corruption of man's heart.

We have said that Sludge's view of Providence somewhat resembles that indicated by Caliban in the piece called *Natural Theology in the Island*, in which Shakespeare's "most delicate monster," Prospero's drudge, gives out his views as to the world's government. There is a strange fascination in this poem: it is more finished, more easy to understand, and deals withal with far more important questions than many of the smaller pieces. And yet the feeling which comes over us as we read it is one of intense melancholy; we think of Romanism and Mormonism, and a great deal of our popular Protestantism, and feel what a grim satire the poet has been putting forth on us all. For *Caliban upon Setebos, or, Natural Theology in the Island* is a quaint homily on the text "thou thoughtest I was even such an one as thyself." All human religions are, they tell us, necessarily anthropomorphic. Caliban's God is in like manner Calibanish. Here is a picture of the monster in his study:

Will sprawl, now that the heat of day is best,
Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire,
With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his chin;
And, while he kicks both feet in the cool slush,
And feels about his spine small est-things course,
Run in and out each arm, and make him laugh;
And now a flower drops with a bee inside,
And now a fruit to snap at, crash and crunch;
He talks to his own self, howe'er he please,
Touching that other whom his dam called God,
Because to talk of him vexes Prospero.

Caliban thinks Setebos

Dwelleth i' the cold of the morn,

he made it, and the sun to match—but not the stars; the stars otherwise. All this creating came of his being cold and ill at ease.

The "potter and clay" figure pleases Mr. Browning: here it is set forth with terrible cynicism.

He cannot make his mate—as well have made himself; so "in envy, listlessness or sport" he makes things weaker than himself in most points, stronger in a few—

Things he admires and mocks too—that is it.
Because, so brave, so better though they be,
It nothing skills if he begin to plague.

Just as if I, Caliban, "could make a live bird out of clay" and send him off to yon rock-top to nip me off the horns of the saucy grigs up there that won't mind me. Well, if he snapped his clay leg in the work and lay stupid-like—why, I should laugh, and if he began to weep and beseech that I would

Bid his poor leg smart less or grow again,

why, according to my whim, I might give him three legs or pluck the other off,

*And leave him.
Lessoned he was mine and merely clay
Were this no pleasure, lying in the thyme,
Drinking the mash, with brain become alive,
Making and marring clay at will? So he.*

What a fearful insight into the origin of old idolatries, and even of old philosophies, this gives us. "The world, with all in it, is the play of the Divine being," says one; "Everything, as fast as it is made is swept along into the furnace-throat of Siva, the creator and destroyer," says another. A little humiliating to reflect that what we quietly accepted as grand half-truths, gleams of light vouchsafed to great minds in early times, may just as reasonably be regarded as "the whimsies of a reeling brain." The theory used to be that man *worked up* from the savage to the civilized state—so said Horace and the Greeks before him. Christianity and natural religion alike seemed to have thoroughly overthrown this; but geology with its fossil Gauls and Danes is supposed to set it up again. Well, *Caliban on Setebos* goes a long way to pull it down once more. We see a savage who, in all he does and thinks, coarsely caricatures the being whom he hates; we see the way in which man may, nay, *must* degenerate, if removed from "the

influences of civilization"—from that subtle, refining, and vivifying element which makes a community *so much more*, for all purposes of progress and intellectual growth and even physical development, than a mere collection of individuals.

Caliban's God is partly like himself, cruel, capricious, partly formed on recollections of his mother's teaching, and scraps overheard from Prospero.

His wilfulness shows nor right nor wrong in Him,
Nor kind nor cruel, He is strong, and Lord,
Am strong myself compared to yonder crabs
That march now from the mountain to the sea;
Let twenty pass and stone the twenty first,
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.
Say, the first straggler that boasts purple spots
Shall join the file one pincer twisted off,
Say, this bruised fellow shall receive a worm,
And two worms he whose nippers end in red;
As it likes me each time I do; so He,
Well then, supposeth he is good, i' the main
Placable if his mind and ways were guessed
But rougher than his handiwork.

Many of his creations are "worthier than himself," so *he envies them*—his only consolation being

That they unless through Him do nought at all.

Just as I might make an elder pipe which should give the exact scream of the jay, and so draw little birds within a stone's throw; but if the pipe could talk and should begin to boast

I catch the birds,
I make the cry my maker cannot make
With his great round mouth.
Would I not smash it with my foot? So He.

We think it very fine when Herodotus says *φθόνερον καὶ παραχῶδες τὸ Θεῖον*, how does the same view of the Godhead strike us when enunciated by Caliban?

The monster too has stumbled on that notion of an elder race of Gods to which the mythologies have accustomed us; he has his

What knows—that something over Setebos
That made Him, or He, may be, found and fought,
Worsted, drove off, and did to nothing, perchance.
There may be something quiet o'er His head,
Out of his reach, that feels nor joy nor grief,
Since both derive from weakness in some way.

Perhaps, after all, what we see is only a bauble-world made by Setebos

Out of very spite to ape your real,
Taking His mirth with make-believes.

. . . Building up and destroying at his own pleasure. Therefore (mark the inference, it is at the root of all idolatries) *propitiate Him*. But how? I must judge of Him by myself: I spare the squirrel that steals a nut from under my thumb and bites stoutly when I threaten; and I spare the urchin which in its terror rolls up into a ball and pretends to be dead. *The two ways please. So He . . .*

Then comes out, too, the horrible fear which poisons the life of all heathens, aye, and of a good many Christians too. Caliban

Moans in the sun, gets under holes to laugh,
And never speaks his mind, save housed as now.
If he caught me here, I'd cut a finger off—

or, of my three kids burn the best, hoping the while that some day "the Quiet" will catch and carry our Setebos, or else he'll grow decrepit and doze.

A thunder-storm interrupts his maunderings. He thinks "His raven hath told Him all." . . . "Fool to gibe at Him." . . . And so he grovels, and vows not to taste a whelk for a mouth, *so he may scape*.

Very sad the feelings with which we rise from these wild fancies of the delicate monster. To think that, so many thousand years after Christ is come in the flesh, the God of such a vast number even of so-called Christians is more like to Setebos than to the Father of Lights, in Whom is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning.

One lovely little picture, just to cheer us before we bid farewell to Mr. Browning. We need it, just as one who had been looking an hour at Salvator Rosa, or Rembrandt, or Cattermole, might crave for a glimpse of Raphael or Fra Angelico. Here it is, pure Browning of the old sort . . .

If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold,
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
Of those two lips, which should be opening soft
In the pure profile, not as when she laughs,
For that spoils all; but rather as if aloft
Yon hyacinth, she loved so, leaned its staff's
Burden of honey-coloured buds to kiss
And capture 'twixt the lips apart for this.

How very Browningish are those last three lines; quaint, imaginative, reckless, he is a true poet, and his place is high up towards the very top of Parnassus. But he is not Tennyson; neither will ever be popular with "the masses." The Laureate's simplicity is that of the most consummate art, uneducated people

don't appreciate it; besides, he is *allusive*, and in this pushing age when the scarcely-washed are constantly forcing their way to the front, to be allusive is to cut yourself off from many of the most active "minds" of the day. It is a fashion to admire Tennyson among many who would be not a little puzzled to explain him. We believe that, of the two, Browning has perhaps the larger number of real worshippers. When a man does love him he loves him with a will. It is like a taste for olives, or green figs, or mulberries. Strange that southern fruits, in particular, should command this sort of partial yet more intense liking. One does not take the trouble to *understand* him for nothing; having read hard, as you must, for knowledge of what he means, you come to read him, to quote him, to think in his grooves for real affection's sake. . . . This last volume will, however, widen the base of the pedestal on which Mr. Browning's fame stands. *Mr. Sludge* will approve itself to a good many who looked shyly on our poet heretofore; so will *Caliban*, and the *Death in the Desert*; while the old admirers will delight of course in *James Lee* and the like. . . . The whole volume is worthy to stand by *Enoch Arden*. A grand year this in which two such volumes have been added to our "standard poets."

And a grand work too, that which these two great minds are doing, for, though Browning is not "popular," though he must only look "fit audience to find and few," yet of him and his likes we may say "*custodiunt custodes*," they keep the thinkers going, preserve the intellectual salt of England from losing its savour and becoming prosaic. Such poets do not act directly on the masses, but they move those by whom the tens of thousands who every year grow up to the appreciation of something higher than *Reynold's Miscellany*, are moved—they teach the teachers. And as for Tennyson, besides his large following of fair-weather friends, he has a growing circle of real worshippers who worship him with the understanding. He is becoming a power in the nation, already he influences not a few only, but a whole class—the young idlers, *jeunesse dorée*, so numerous in this age when so many men make fortunes, not for themselves, but for their children. He will never be popular like Burns; he can only affect the lower strata of society by infiltration through other men's minds, but he is getting to hold the place which Byron held a generation and more ago; and he is better than Byron, his tone more wholesome, his influence a sign of

Sweeter manners, purer laws.

III.

TROPICAL PRODUCTION—THE LABOUR SUPPLY.*

“**W**AIT until political economy has *done*, and then we shall see,” says the author of *Thorndale*. The remark is characteristic of the patient temper pervading that book, one which, in regard to the social topics discussed in its pages, has been forgotten too soon. With our best writers on politico-social economy, the charm of the study has been its moral element of justice. They know that the science, when fully and fairly applied, is wholly beneficent.

Yet, as a class, economists have themselves to thank for much of the disfavour with which outside readers regard their teachings; it is the sameness of the illustrations so constantly used, that has repelled many from the study of the science. This is notably the case with regard to the sections treating of rent, wages, and population. These subjects have been discussed almost wholly with reference to the crowded countries of Western Europe, where physical misery is never absent, being induced by the low temperature and the constant pressure of a fecund population on the means of subsistence. These circumstances are in themselves often sufficient to repel an ordinary reader who might have some zest for the science itself.

The limits of a usual college term would not, perhaps, allow opportunity for a professor to deviate from the well-beaten track of a regular economical course. But the interest of students would be immensely increased if the professor were to divert the attention of his class from the old highways of the temperate zone to the beautiful islands of the West Indies, or the colonies of Central America. It would be the fault of the professor if his students, fascinated with details, were to overlook the organic principles laid down by Ricardo, Malthus, and the harmonizing theories of Mr. Senior. Those principles necessarily underlie all the strangely varied phenomena of West Indian life. Perhaps nowhere else, in an equal area, having similar climate and productions, can there be found so many distinct varieties of industrial conditions. In Guiana there is an immense tract of uncleared forest, and a very small number of labourers, artificially provided by immigration, to meet the demands of

*1. *Revue des deux Mondes*. Livraison. 15 Decembre, 1863.

2. *Paper read at Social Science Congress, Liverpool*. 1858. By A. L. Chamerovzow.

3. *Speech of Lord Brougham, same occasion*.

the capitalists; there are also in this colony some 70,000 peasant proprietors, possessed of houses and lands to the value of one million sterling. Barbadoes offers a great contrast in having a population more dense even than that of Malta and as crowded as China; land is dear and labour is cheap; yet here are numerous small proprietors, and the prosperity of the island has been extraordinary. In Jamaica, some estates, once cultivated on behalf of absentee proprietors, are now relapsing into jungle, and the supply of labour exceeds the effective demand; but the labourers have found means to supply themselves with the decencies of life, and the aggregate produce of the island has increased. Trinidad offers an instance of another anomaly. Great part of the land there is owned by the crown, and little more than a fiftieth part of it is cultivated by capitalists; here, also, the greater part of the labour supply has been provided by a costly system of immigration. In St. Vincent's a peculiar produce, that of arrowroot, is successfully carried out by peasant proprietors, some of whom own patches of land only sixty feet square. In St. Lucia the metayer system of tenure prevails, and, it is said, with satisfactory results. In the Dutch colony of Surinam, where slavery still exists, the number of cultivated estates has decreased within a few years from 917 to 216. On the other hand, in Cuba may be seen the last successful expression of the slave system, working with the combined advantages of a luxuriant soil, effective machinery, and contiguity to the great market of the United States. Thus we have mapped out, in these bounteous regions, every form of land tenure, and every phase of position in which the labourer and capitalist can stand towards each other. In the West Indies, rent and wages should rise and fall according to their inherent natural laws, without the terms of the bargain being disturbed, as in our northern clime, by the presence of the grim spectre of physical misery. Working on such material, and interweaving it with a few of the picturesque details of creole manners, and with passages from the social history of the colonies, a skilful professor might attract the most listless student. Under such manipulation economic science might be rescued from the unjust reproach it bears, and its symmetrical lineaments would appear in their true proportions.

Something of this sort has been attempted by M. du Hailly in his *Souvenirs et Tableaux* of the French Antilles. This gentleman, a French officer of Marine, is known by his *Campagnes et la Stations sur les Cotes de L'Amérique du Nord*. In that work are admirable descriptions of New York and Sans Francisco, and also an elaborate account of the educational and

benevolent institutions of the United States. M. du Hailly has been stationed in Martinique and Guadaloupe; and, whilst staying there, he has made careful observations and gathered many important particulars relating to the social history of those islands. This *tableau* includes sketches of creole life under the palmy days of a patriarchal slave system, and he describes the struggles of the planters with immigration experiments during the transition period since the era of emancipation in 1848. It will be remembered that in February of that year, without one note of warning, the abolition of slavery in the French colonies was decreed during that memorable sixty hours' sitting of the democratic autocracy of Paris.

The French *habitants*, though not hard slave masters, had, until that period, kept the negroes to their tasks by the "ultimate reasons" of the whip and the pillory. On these compulsory motives being removed, the negro then, like the rest of the world, laboured only for the supply of his needs, which, under the schooling of slavery, had been reduced within the smallest compass. Hence the available quantity of labour in the islands appeared to be decreased; and the planters readily set themselves to follow the example of Guiana and Trinidad, where a costly system of immigration had been supposed needful to keep up the prosperity of the colonies. The planters were no more prepared for abolition than were the negroes; they had—perhaps still have—to learn, the simple economical principle, that labour is a commodity which must be purchased at its proper value. There were as many hands in the island after, as before, emancipation; but rather than secure their services by the payment of good weekly wages, the masters preferred to send to another hemisphere for Chinese, Indians, and native Africans. In this expensive process the planters have been assisted with advances—though not as in our islands with subsidies—from the colonial treasuries. Up to 1861 the total number of emigrants imported into Guadaloupe, has been 14,367, of which 6,365 were native Africans; and Martinique has received 14,496, of which the Africans numbered 5,621. This attempt to "organize" the labour supply, in contravention of the natural laws on which it depends, has resulted, as such experiments usually do, in much suffering to the weaker party. To say nothing of the passage over seas, the mortality of the immigrants in the French Antilles has been 6·16 per cent. annually; and that is twice the usual death-rate of both the negro and white creole population. It is the African portion of the immigrants that has swelled this quota; their deaths in Martinique have been at an annual rate of 10·3 per cent., and in

Guadaloupe of 13·5. This rate is double that of the mortality amongst the Indian coolies. The immigration system is destitute of one safeguard of the slave—that of the planter's permanent interest in him. If a coolie be sick it is cheaper to let him die than it is to have him tended. A striking incident illustrating the planter's temper towards the sick coolies is related by M. du Hailly. He was sitting under a planter's verandah with a party of creoles. "A few yards from them lay a wretched Indian, whose frame was emaciated to a degree beyond description. Almost naked, he was exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, but he gave no signs of feeling the heat except occasionally to drink from a gourd beside him. The planter mentioned that the poor wretch had been several months in the colony, and had not done one stroke of work, adding that he heartily wished the fellow were dead. This remark met with an approving response; presently the coolie rose up to attempt to regain his hat; at his painfully awkward movements, rendered such by his ulcerated feet and hands, the company joined in a chorus of laughter, amidst which, I fear to say," says M. du Hailly, "that there mingled the voices of women. How shall we account for this insensibility amongst men whom I knew to be educated and humane, amongst women intelligent and tender?" Our answer is, that any "organization of labour" devised solely in the interest of the capitalist, necessarily ignores the claims of the individual labourer. Besides entailing suffering on the coolies, these immigration schemes fail to supply the continuous wants of the capitalists; they constitute an attempt "to restore the equilibrium of population between the east and the west," by an abnormal method, which has no self-adjusting or reproductive capacity.

The history of the struggle between labour and capital is also the history of the division of employments, and the introduction of improved machinery. Up to 1848, the French planter, whilst he maintained a position of rustic dignity on his estate, was also the active director of such a multiplicity of occupations as reminds one of the primitive economy of ancient times. He was at once farmer, manufacturer and merchant; and though not indolent in any of these capacities, his incongruous operations were necessarily cumbrous and wasteful. Each estate had its rickety cane mill and juice-boiling factory, which were so inefficient as seldom to produce more than fifty per cent. of sugar from the canes. Emancipation permitted the negroes to give or withhold their labour; and the planters were then forced to separate cultivation from agriculture, in order to economize

their produce by new methods or an improved machinery. Central or district manufactories have therefore gradually been established—the first being set up in Guadaloupe. There four large sugar refineries were set up in 1853; in these improved factories the rate of produce of sugar from the canes has been eighty-seven per cent. Guadaloupe has a very decided advantage over Martinique in the greater evenness of its surface. In Martinique, however, it would be easy to have factories turning out a thousand barrels each; these would consume the canes from, say, ten estates, on each of which at a great expense of labour eighty to one hundred barrels have hitherto been produced. At Point Simon, near the roadstead of Fort au France, is a large sugar refinery which, in 1859, produced two thousand tierces. That has remunerated the proprietor so well that he is now building another.

The present sugar production of Martinique amounts to 70,000 tons, and that of Guadaloupe to 80,000. In each island the colonists desire to increase these figures to 100,000; to attain that advance would, on the present systems, require a permanent addition of 15,000 labourers in each colony. It is certain that the planters could not command the capital that would be requisite for the periodic importation of so many coolies from the East. How, then, are the creole negroes to be induced to work, and how is the aggregate production of the Antilles to be increased? M. du Hailly suggests a means by which, as he thinks, both these ends may certainly be gained. If the policy that he advocates be sound, it is easy to see that in its development may not only lie the secret of success for the French Antilles, but also that its full application may be an indispensable step in the general progress of all tropical production. M. du Hailly says that “in *la petite culture* and peasant proprietorship can alone be found the future interest, indeed, the salvation of the Antilles.”

With one of the premises of M. du Hailly we cannot agree, more especially as it seems opposed to the other reasoning by which he supports his own conclusion. It is this: arguing from experience of northern climates, he assumes that the creole negroes will not labour except under the pressure of physical misery; and he deems it unreasonable to desire that the conditions of subsistence should be any less onerous for the negro than for the white labourer. He thinks that there will not be a continuous supply of labour for the capitalist until population is increased, so as, even in those bounteous islands of the West, misery shall constantly dog the steps of indolence. But is it certain that M. du Hailly's little freeholders will people down

to the limit of misery pressure? It may be admitted that, by facilities being afforded for peasant proprietorship, some of the coolies may be induced to settle in the West Indies, and so far would accrue a clear addition to the population. But the European experience of proprietor-labourers does not lead one to expect from such a class any rapid increase of the birth-rate. And, certainly, if this policy, on which M. du Hailly relies for increase of the population, were fairly adopted, it would banish the possibility of extreme poverty and physical misery, except in isolated cases of vice or incurable sloth.

The other reasons in support of M. du Hailly's proposal for West Indian *petite culture*, are based upon the idea that industry may be evoked by inducements; and one can accept them more readily than the dismal theory that men only work from fear of starvation. It is not only pleasant but easy to believe that the indolence of the negro will vanish before the persistent effect of the sentiment of proprietorship. The value of children's labour, and the great quantity of unoccupied fertile land will, for two or three generations, stimulate to early marriages. And be it remarked, in passing, that since emancipation the number of negro marriages has increased tenfold.*

When the population has thus been increased by a natural process, labourers will then be waiting for capitalists. For it is the happy peculiarity of this method of increasing a population that, in the process, not only are new habits of industry formed, but there is also acquired by the labourers a new standard of comfort. The negro who, as now in Guiana, has been brought up under the shade of his father's cocoa nut and plantain trees, will be glad to labour for regular wages rather than subsist upon pumpkins. Still more will he desire to retain the decent European garb he has been trained to wear, and to provide for children of his own the schooling he has learned to prize. By the time that the race of small proprietors have labourers to spare, we may feel sure that the larger capitalists will have found that there is nothing for them but to accept the truth—one economical as well as moral—that "the labourer is worthy of his hire." The policy of free labour, from which there can now be no retrogression, gives to that truth the inexorable force of law. The West Indian proprietors have filled our ears with their groans, caused by the pressure of that law, and have sought with great ingenuity—not always innocent—to escape

* Comparing the decennials before and after 1848, the annual number of negro marriages have risen, in Martinique, from 46 to 637, in Guadeloupe, from 101 to 937.

from its operation ; but such efforts are vain, the planters must acknowledge that labour is a commodity, and be willing to pay the proper market price for it, or else they must themselves pass from the scene. With regard to the aggregate prosperity of the Antilles, the general establishment of central refineries, when combined with the rapid increase of industrious cultivators, would speedily enhance the gross produce of the islands to an enormous extent.

In the article by M. du Hailly, to which we have referred, the thorny points of economical discussion are so skilfully hidden, as it were, in flowers and foliage, that an ordinary reader is beguiled, without suspecting it, into the perusal of a treatise on social science. Perhaps some may remember how Professor Newman relates, that after a long argumentative conversation with a Mahomedan carpenter at Bagdad, the latter shook his head as he remarked, that "though the English were a great people, there were yet some things which God had denied them." Mr. Dicey, wishing to illustrate the sharp contrasts of character between the English and Americans, tells us how that, as soon as he stepped on board the *Europa* on his return voyage, he recognised in the captain a man who could not by any possibility have been produced elsewhere than "within the four seas." So it may be affirmed that no man "within the four seas" could have produced just such a paper as this of M. du Hailly's, the peculiar gift for such handicraft being, as the Persian said, one of those things "denied to the English." The article is not, for all that, to be deemed perfect ; there are portions we would wish to expand and others to transpose, and, as a whole, it is not in strict sequential order. But, as a combination of pictorial description, historical reminiscence, personal recital, statistical facts, sketches of social manners, and kindly or humorous sentiment, we despair of meeting with the Briton who could match it.*

* It seems almost needful to mention, that the remarks, as above, on the peculiarities of French literary skill were written before the appearance of Mr. Matthew Arnold's essay in the *Cornhill Magazine* on "The Literary Influence of Academies." He, with all the weight of his own great authority, has made plain, on general principles, in what it is that the distinctive excellence of the finished French writers consists. The writer of the paragraph above was conscious of (though could not then describe it as Mr. Arnold has done) that "flexibility of intelligence" and just sense of proportion which characterize M. du Hailly's essays. If there be any who desire to see, as it were, a casually chosen illustration of Mr. Arnold's critique, and who may be able also to appreciate the complicated questions involved in M. du Hailly's inquiry—we cannot possibly do better than refer them to his essays in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the *French Antilles*.

IV.

PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION.

AN act of Parliament is the only legitimate expression of the conjoint will of king or queen, lords and commons. It is the highest authority which the kingdom recognises upon earth. It can order anything to be done which it pleases, and its orders can only be defied by the laws of nature, by foreign legions or by successful rebellion. Further, it can do no wrong, although, as Chief-Justice Holt once said, it occasionally does several things which "look pretty odd."

There is an aspect, however, in which even an act of Parliament is frail and fallible. As a literary composition it is certainly open to a thrust from the lance of the critic. Nothing can be more essentially prosaic. Not only is a limited vocabulary used, but the vocabulary itself is extremely technical. There are no nicely-balanced periods or rounded sentences. Tautology is recognised not as a defect, nor even as a necessity, but as an object of desire, and if a word unusually harsh and bald can be found capable of expressing the thought, that word is used in preference to one sonorous or rich in etymological significance. The rules of interpretation recognised in the law Courts demand this peculiarly barren style. The judge is strictly limited in his search after the true meaning of a clause to the four corners of the act. Imagination never flutters her wings over the "Queen's printer's copy," and its words, therefore, must not be "suggestive." "What is writ is writ," as Byron says, and, perhaps, some may be inclined to add, with him, "would it were worthier." A *casus omissus* in an act has no remedy. A blank is a blank for all time, unless, indeed, the statute which contains it is amended by another statute as potent and inexorable as itself.*

* It will, we are sure, appear strange to our readers, who doubtless agree with us as to the dulness of legal documents in general, that Jeremy Bentham—no driveller, but a man sound in head and heart—should have found poetry, or at least music, in English Law. In his *Principles of Morals and Legislation*, he writes, "Every one knows that measured numbers were the language of the infancy of law; none seem to have observed with what imperious sway they have governed her maturer age. In English Jurisprudence, in particular, the connection between Law and Music, however less perceived than in Spartan legislation, is not, perhaps, less real nor less close. * * Search indictments, pleadings, proceedings in Chancery, conveyances, whatever trespasses you may find against truth or common sense, you will find none against the laws of harmony. *The*

Modern statutes are, for convenience, divided into public or general, and private, personal or local. The former class embraces all relating to the commonwealth or any considerable or important part of it; the latter all that affects private persons corporations, or limited districts. The private act—or rather bill, as an act is always denominated in its earlier stages—has a characteristic the seriousness of which can scarcely be exaggerated, and which distinguishes it most unmistakably from the public act—it pays fees; that is to say, its promoters have not only to defray all the “costs, charges and expenses” of solicitors, counsel, engineers and witnesses, but also to make sundry “tips” of great magnitude to the officials of the “House,” in which the embryo law is for the time maturing.

Private acts have, we believe, been generally obtainable ever since Parliament began, in the reign of Henry III., to legislate in a regular manner; but during the present century their number has enormously increased. There was a blue book published in 1854 by the authority of Parliament, called an *Index to the Personal, Local, and Private Statutes passed between the Years 1801 and 1852*. It is of folio size, and contains 782 closely filled pages. The index to the Public General Acts is similar in character and appearance, but is not so large. For the convenience of reference, the private acts are divided into twenty classes, comprising amongst other subjects, bridges, ferries, canals, rivers, charitable foundations, drainages, embankments, gas-light companies, trading companies, harbours, docks, quays, town improvements, inclosures, markets; ecclesiastical, county, parish, and personal affairs, railways, tithes, turnpikes and waterworks.

A glance at this category will convince us that there are no Englishmen who are not affected to a greater or less extent by private acts of Parliament. If the locality where we live has never required drainage or enclosing, or gasworks, or waterworks, still, we all travel on turnpike roads, or by railway. If we dwell where Cowper once wished to dwell, in—

A lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade;

still, we must occasionally visit the next market town where the local “Borough Act” exercises a real, though unseen, influence over and around us as we promenade the quiet streets. So far we share the effects of this restricted legislation with all our

English Liturgy, justly as this quality has been extolled in that sacred office, possesses not a greater measure of it than is commonly to be found in an English Act of Parliament.

brother citizens. But we may very properly assume other characters in which the private bill becomes of vastly more importance to us. For example, we may be philanthropically inclined, and as such promoters of some scheme for the public welfare needing parliamentary aid to carry it into effect. We may be or wish to be shareholders in some trading company, requiring to be formed or protected by special act of Parliament. We may be rate-payers in some district where legislative interference is imperatively called for to cut the Gordian knot of long-continued litigation. If this be so, the importance of the subject denoted by the title of this article is fully shown, and our readers will feel that it is not a waste of time to spend a few minutes, as pupils, in studying the process by which private acts of Parliament are manufactured, and in pondering over the lessons taught by the investigation.

Let our scholars, then, imagine that they are particularly interested in some plan for the removal of a grievance or the supply of a want. To assist our argument, let it be some scheme which appeals to universal sympathy, not a sordid, money-making affair which traffics in "the potentiality of becoming rich" beyond the dreams of avarice and ambition—not a railway, "nor even gasworks." To descend from the vague to the practical, let the favourite speculation be the establishment of a company to supply pure water to the famishing provincial town and district in which we, in fancy at least, reside. This will appeal sufficiently to the feelings of every class, to the well-to-do equally with the dirty and diseased, to those who like their water "qualified" equally with those who are descendants of the sons and daughters of Rechab.

Of course, such an undertaking will be heralded by the visits of engineers, by the active scrutiny of local philanthropists into possible ways and means, by the convening of meetings of persons influential in the neighbourhood, and supposed to possess public spirit and private cash. Then comes the choice of a solicitor, and the publication, in the month of November, in the *London Gazette* and county and borough newspapers, of very long advertisements carefully framed from engineering designs, and called "Notices of intended application to Parliament." We will assume that the town and district to which we have referred are situated on a bed of clay which has never been pierced; that there are no springs properly so-called; that the inhabitants are supplied, most imperfectly, with rain-water falling upon the grimy roofs of the houses, and collected in cisterns, or from wells and pits which contain the surface or soakage water of the surrounding area.

They dip their bowls into the weedy ditch,
And heavy laden bring their beverage home,
Far fetch'd and little worth.

Let us assume, further, that there is no satisfactory source of supply within a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles, and that the only source then available is a certain spring belonging to some gentleman, who suddenly discovers, when you want water which has run to waste for centuries, that he cannot dispense with it. The next step towards Parliament is, to deposit plans and sections with the clerk of the peace for each county, and the parish clerk of each village affected by the measure, and to serve notices of your intentions upon every owner and occupier along the route of the proposed aqueduct, and upon every other person or body who can possibly be prejudiced. The "bill" must then be prepared and deposited in certain places. A bill is not now so voluminous as it used to be. In days bygone, there were many clauses guarding the rights and privileges, and defining and enforcing the duties, liabilities, and obligations of individuals and bodies, which were inserted in every act of the like nature, the language in the several acts being in many cases identical. These clauses are now grouped together in what are technically called "Consolidation Statutes," and are incorporated, by reference, with the new bill. By this politic arrangement, instead of one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty sections in the special act, as of old, the sections are often cut down to a third of the number.

Having accomplished these little matters and a great many more, which it is unnecessary to mention in detail, the solicitor will be ready, about the following February, to show to the examiners of the commons, that he has complied with the standing orders of the House. Meanwhile, much work, not strictly routine, has to be done. Public meetings must be held to arouse the locality to the importance of the speculation, and the propriety of supporting it. Provincial directors—men of mark—must be chosen—a preliminary prospectus issued—the pockets of the public probed, and all opponents of the bill, or any part of the bill, treated with, so as to "purchase peace," or reduce the opposition to the narrowest limits. Here it is that passionless prudence must step in to the aid of the negotiators. Never does the homely axiom "a stitch in time saves nine," apply with so much force as at this stage, when there is a chance of avoiding a parliamentary contest. The skeleton undertaking, gaunt and emaciated, probably for the want of proper pecuniary nourishment, cannot stand much blood-letting, and if it succeed in obtaining its legal majority, it may still sink from the effects of

the treatment it has received at the hands of its opponents. Study then the things that make for peace, and when, as perhaps you may, you find war inevitable, you will fight, and, if needs be, lose with a good conscience.

The choice of counsel to support the bill is very important. We believe that, in the opinion of practical men, it is better to retain second-rate advocates who will master your case, and give constant attendance before the committee, than the leaders of the profession, whose services are in such frequent requisition everywhere that they remind one of bees in a garden with a mission to every flower. We heard of a contest in a committee-room during a late session which lasted a fortnight. Two most eminent parliamentary counsel were engaged by the promoters; one of the two appeared in the room once, and the other twice during the investigation!

A word as to the witnesses required to strengthen your case. This must, of course, depend much upon circumstances. The opponents of the measure have been compelled, in their petitions against it, to set out their objections with considerable minuteness. They have, however, taken care to cover, as far as their knowledge extends, all possible grounds of opposition, so that you do not gain much practically from their statements. Besides, if you did, the committee will require to be satisfied of the goodness of your cause from your own testimony. In the matter of evidence, then, it will generally happen that you must be lavish. Local oral testimony to the want of water can, we suppose, be had in abundance. Tables of the positive and comparative mortality—results of house to house visitations epitomised—resolutions of public bodies and medical dogmas as to the prevalence of disease, must all swell and support the proof of deprivation existing in the neighbourhood. Then comes the scientific testimony—the chemist with his analysis of the waters, and the engineers with their data and theories. Lastly, comes evidence to rebut, as far as can be foreseen, the arguments of the petitioners against the bill.

Some most melancholy thoughts are engendered by an intimate, practical acquaintance with our courts of law and parliamentary tribunals, and the testimony constantly given in and before them by skilled witnesses; surely nothing can justify the deliberate, defiant disregard of the ordinary rules of morality, shown there in the prostitution of scientific evidence. We are loth to pass so severe a censure on any class of our countrymen, but, apart from the impelling power of a sense of duty, we know that what we say is supported by the best men in the class itself. There is no engineering theory so absurd, but what

gentlemen of standing and experience can be found to support it—not, be it remembered, as unsworn advocates taking part on grounds well understood in a system adapted, upon the whole, to elicit the truth, but as sworn partisans eager to snatch a fee from anyone. This animadversion applies to a great extent to medical testimony. The case of Palmer, and more recently that of Wyndham, occasioned much scandal; but, the conflict of opinions between physicians and surgeons cannot compare for a moment in impropriety and grossness with that exhibited between engineers, almost every day that parliamentary committees sit.

As a rule, the engineer has no *esprit de corps*, notwithstanding the existence of the George Street school; and there are bitterness and antagonism, whenever two or three are gathered together.

The alleged origin of the expression “men of straw,” is familiar to most of us. In days of yore, the witness who was willing, for a consideration, to give testimony on either side, in order to show that such was the fact, paced Westminster Hall with a straw in his shoe. It pains us to be compelled to believe, that there many men in the lobbies of the House, as well as in the Hall, who are virtually “men of straw.” That they sometimes testify to the truth is obvious, inasmuch as they take sides indifferently. But, even then, their contribution to the truth is tainted with suspicion and occasionally rendered nugatory by the adroit production of evidence to the contrary, given by the same individual on a former occasion. We know an instance during the present session where the witness was thus caught. The question was substantively the same on three bills, which we will call, for the sake of distinction, A, B, and C. On bill A, he had in answer to the question said “Yes,” on bill B, he had said “No.” Of course, when asked the question on bill C, by counsel, who knew all about his former replies, he was neatly placed on the horns of a dilemma, from which there could be no satisfactory extrication. Yet it is a rare thing to trip up a professional witness of this class. Constantly under examination, he acquires a coolness and an expertness in stating and supporting his fallacies, which render cross examination, except by the cleverest advocates, a difficult and dangerous operation.

But to return. The day approaches for the consideration of the bill. We will suppose that it is to be heard first in the Commons. Five gentlemen, three of whom are a quorum, form the Committee. Has our reader ever been in the Committee rooms and lobbies of the House, when the private bill business

is in progress? If not, it is worth his while, for once, to visit them. He will find them frequented by anxious, restless men, hurrying to and fro, laden with the responsibilities of great undertakings, involving, it may be, millions of pounds sterling. He will see there the most eminent barristers, civil engineers, chemists, manufacturers, and solicitors. Every district in the country is represented by its most active men of business. Every man is not notable, but every man possesses something special either in skill or knowledge. It may safely be said that in no part of England, on an ordinary day, can be seen, at one glance, so much talent, wealth, and influence as are collected there. You enter the apartment in which the contest is fixed to take place. It is large and lofty, and the arrangements, except for seats, are very satisfactory. Large maps, models and plans, blue and red bags, and papers in every stage of disarrangement, are upon the walls, tables, and floor, and your five judges, "all in a row," sit before you. Now is the time to whisper the last instructions to the opening counsel. The solicitor has already had many consultations with him—at five guineas each—such being useful chiefly to supplement and correct a defective study of the brief. This defective study is, probably, not the fault of the man, who is worried almost to death by business. Perhaps it has its advantages, for he cannot weary the Committee by details too minute and trivial when he does not happen to know them.

The case is called on, and counsel rises. His speech is, to your mind, very satisfactory. The Committee are soon unquestionably satiated with the evidence of want. The engineering details and estimates are, you feel, brought out clearly. The fitness of the proposed source of supply, is, in your opinion, incontestably proved. So it proceeds for two or three days, until your opponents take their innings. Now for a reaction in your feelings. In vain you recal the facts—sworn to over and over again by your friends—the explanations given by the engineers—the analyses of the waters. As for two whole days—eight mortal hours—you hear nothing but the other side, strong and stronger still, and apparently unshaken by cross-examination, you begin to faint, and are half inclined to seize your hat and start for home by the next train. This despondency is greatest when Professor Hawkseye is giving evidence against you. How neatly he illustrates his fatal proposition with regard to the source of supply by taking up the inkstand before him and a couple of sheets of paper and in a moment constructing a model. He turns his face to the Committee in familiar converse, heedless of the injunctions and implorations

of your counsel to face the shorthand writer, so that all may hear. What metaphor is that he is using now: something about playing on the keys of a dumb pianoforte? It evidently impresses the Committee, and you abandon hope. But, at length, the counsel for the promoters rises to reply. In quiet but forcible language he reduces the rival theory to its native absurdity, exposes the inconsistencies of the opposing witnesses, and clears your brow and restores your peace of mind. Another short period of anxiety, when the room is emptied for consultation by the Committee, and then the glorious announcement that the preamble is proved.

There is a proverb warning us against the indulgence of exclamations of joy whilst still in the forest. Do not be too much elated. The clauses of the bill have now to pass muster, and the alteration of one single word may cripple your scheme for ever. With what anxious care do your legal friends mark each suggestion of the enemy.

At length every attack is parried, and the bill is safe—for the present. "For the present!" you exclaim, "I thought it was safe altogether." Ignorant and deluded mortal! The wisdom of the legislature has decreed that if your opponent is wealthy and acrimonious, he may fight the battle over again—preamble, clauses and all—in the House of Lords; introduce new objections, strengthen his case with additional witnesses, and employ fresh counsel. There is no fear that he will be saddled with the costs of the promoters, however frivolous, and vexatious, and unbecoming his opposition may be. Under every circumstance each party pays his own.

The second hearing is not an appeal even in appearance. It is true the peers are of greater dignity than the commons, but should the bill, as it may, originate with them, there will equally be the second chance before the lower House. This absurdity follows. There may be a large majority of the ten judges—seven to three—in favour of the bill, and yet it may not pass.

In considering the various and vital objections to the whole system of private bill legislation, this double trial and expense appears to us the least capable of justification.

We admit the dignity of each House demands that it should have the opportunity of investigation—but the investigation might as well be accomplished by a joint tribunal, composed of both lords and commoners, as by separate tribunals, according to the present practice.

Another objection which we would urge is, the immense expense involved, or at least risked, in obtaining a private act

of Parliament, however innocent and laudable its scope. This is chiefly owing to two circumstances, each capable of remedy,—the extraordinary length of the inquiry and the heavy fees. As to the first, the members of the Committee have separate and incongruous functions to perform at the same moment. One is connected with the office of legislator, the other with that of judge. They have not only to preside over the birth of a statute, but to settle a very irregular piece of litigation. The rules of evidence are relaxed where they ought to be most stringent. Every witness, if at all intelligent and self-possessed, can say what he likes, give hearsay testimony, and read letters or other documents without proving by whom they are written.

Again, the members of the Commons' Committees never sit more than four hours per day, seldom quite so long. They are so jealous of their own time, the value of which no one disputes, that they will occasionally keep witnesses at Westminster for weeks together before they are ready to hear them. A little arrangement, aided by the electric telegraph and the railway, would, in most cases, leave such witnesses at home till the evening of the day before the inquiry and injure no one. How great would be the convenience to country men of business if they could remain in their mills and shops until the last moment instead of waiting in the lobbies of the Houses three weeks on one bill, as we have known them to do this year. Mark, further, the expense of a host of witnesses in town, living at hotels, and craving and getting the costly excitement which strangers from the country generally expect to find on such occasions. That excitement is not always obtained at the purest source; but on this head we tell no tales.* It is sufficient to observe, in support of our allegation as to the unreasonable length of the inquiry, that the case—the "Nene Valley"—in 1862, lasted thirty-seven days, and that another case—the "Belfast Corporation"—in the present year, lasted a month. One witness in the latter contest was examined for five days consecutively, and it is safe to assert that in no other court in the civilized world would such a discursive and inconsequential examination as that conducted by Mr. Rea have been permitted.

As to the heavy costs, we will present our readers with the scale of counsel's fees and leave them to judge for themselves.

Fee with brief—any imaginable sum; in very few cases less to leader than fifty guineas, to junior thirty-five guineas.

* Upon this subject, our readers, if so inclined, will find ample information in an article in *Blackwood* for July, 1847, entitled *Letter from a Railway Witness in London*.

Fee for consultation each time, each counsel, five guineas.

Fee for attendance each day, each counsel, when case called on, ten guineas.

Counsel's clerks' fees, of course, extra.

Every charge—house fees, printing, and agency are on the same scale, at least double what is usual elsewhere. Even the shabby messenger whom you employ to take a letter or carry a bag a hundred yards informs you that a shilling and not sixpence is the parliamentary *douceur*.

To the objection urged by Lord Robert Cecil, in a recent debate, that the tribunal is frequently incompetent, from ignorance of the special matter before it, we do not attach much importance. It is said that the two gentlemen he referred to did not know what a graving dock was at the time; but we presume they learned all about it before their decision was required, and if not, such an instance of wilful deafness must be deemed an exception to the general rule amongst members of Parliament.

On looking at the whole process calmly from its most powerful side, viz. the virtual prohibition of numerous philanthropic and useful schemes which such imperfect and absurd arrangements occasion, we feel that the country ought to bestir itself and enforce a remedy. That remedy we have already partially indicated and now briefly repeat. Let there be but one tribunal and one fight. Let the fees be reduced to the ordinary scale of the Common Law and Chancery Courts. Let there be a little more consideration in the Committees for the convenience of the public. Let the ordinary rules of evidence be observed more strictly, and let the opposition be at least *liable* to pay the promoters' costs if it be found vexatious and unjustifiable.*

We have, ourselves, a strong belief that an enlargement of the scope of *The Preliminary Enquiries Act*, 1862, would be a most useful measure—that a local investigation made, in the first instance, by some competent person would, in most cases, have a very beneficial result; but much care and thought are evidently required to mature an amendment in the law of so much importance. Meanwhile, we will, if we have the chance, thankfully accept any alterations for the better in the practice, and in settling accounts with such of our representatives as assist in the change, we will promise to give them credit for a good day's work.

* During the present session, Parliament has attempted reform and made several fresh standing orders upon the subject. But the convenience of the members, rather than that of the public, is the principal object of the new regulations, and we feel certain, whatever may be their practical value, the real grievances to which we have adverted remain untouched.

V.

AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATIONS.*

SO little is accurately known of the history of these explorations that we propose giving them a brief *resumé*. In fact, the word Australia has but little significance to an Australian, because, instinctively, he asks whether you mean Western Australia, South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, or the newly discovered and wonderful territory which is to be called North Australia. These separate colonies, for they are such, and not mere provinces, having each its own government and governor, extend over more than twenty-eight degrees of latitude, and may be roughly said to cover two millions, seven hundred thousand square miles, or more than two thirds the extent of all Europe. No longer to be thought of as New Holland or Botany Bay, the enforced home of our convict population, this vast island-continent, itself, geologically, as well as in its fauna and flora, one of the wonders of the world, gives us in the history of those explorations, to which this article is devoted, a record of self denial, heroic endurance, and accomplished triumphs fully equal to the daring which makes the names of Mungo Park, Clapperton, and Livingstone so celebrated in the annals of Africa.

A reference to a good modern map of Australia will show the Australian Cordillera, or its dividing range of mountains running in a direction nearly parallel with the sea-board line. These Australian Alps follow the law of all mountain chains, having one side very steep, and on the other a more gentle slope. The steepest side of the Australian Cordillera is towards the Pacific, subsiding towards the west into elevated plateaux or table lands elevated from 1500 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and this physical conformation is of great significance in the material prosperity of the country. In the elevated table lands there is a mild and healthy climate, in which all the plants and cereals of the temperate zone grow freely, while in the hot lowland districts the banana, the sugar cane, and cotton shrub of the tropics thrive with equal luxuriance. For many years after the formation of New South Wales, the oldest Australian colony, this

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- * 1. *Sir Thomas Mitchell's exploratory tour.*
 2. *Sturt's Expedition.*
 3. *Journals of John M'Douall Stuart.*
 4. *M'Kinlay's Tracks across Australia.*
 5. *Melbourne Argus.*
 6. *Sydney Morning Herald.*

mountain range foiled the enterprise of all who attempted to cross it, until in 1814, which is the date of what we may call the *first* exploration, Count Strzelecki, a Polish nobleman of high scientific attainments, crossed and explored this Alpine region, calling it the Snowy Mountains, and hallowed its highest eminence by bestowing on it the name of his country's patriot, Mount Kosciusko.*

In the course of his explorations, the Count found two rivers, now called the Lachlan and Macquarie, flowing from the western escarpment, and in 1817 an expedition under Mr. Oxley, the surveyor general, was formed to trace their course, the colonists hoping they would prove to be navigable. Nothing, however, was accomplished, owing to insuperable difficulties, until, in 1828, Captain Sturt penetrated into the interior, crossed the Murrumbidgee river, passed the mouth of the Darling, and proceeded in his boat down the Murray, Australia's greatest and noblest river. The country through which he passed was then desolate and inhospitable, being occupied only by unfriendly natives; but now, although such brief years have passed since this brilliant discovery was made, the banks of the Murray are studded with farms and homesteads, with vineyards and cornfields, thousands of prosperous emigrants having their quiet homes on its banks, and living the enjoyable life that only an Australian in the bush can live, never tormented by taxgatherer or policeman. The river itself is now become one of the great Australian highways; the railway runs from Melbourne to Sandhurst, formerly Bendigo, and is being rapidly laid down to Ectueca, fifty-eight miles farther, on its banks, and thence steamers ply regularly to and from Adelaide, thus connecting the eastern with the southern shores of this vast continent. To return, passing over the comparatively unimportant expedition of Messrs. Hume and Hovell, which was a failure, we come to Sir Thomas Mitchell's great and noble exploration of 1834-5. Starting from Sydney with a picked band of men, he traced the courses of the Darling, the Lachlan, and the Murray, and pushing on further west came upon the Glenelg river and the Grampians in a country so singularly rich, so well adapted for grazing and agricultural purposes that he proposed naming it "Australia Felix." That name is happily abandoned, but the colony of Victoria will ever preserve for the name of Mitchell an enduring fame.

Monumentum ore perennius.

From the then wild interior—it is wild now, but then—you must bush it, and camp out to imagine it—he emerged, after

* Nearly seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

nine months' travel and privation, during which time he never once slept beneath a roof, at the newly-formed whaling settlement of Portland, where his hosts (Messrs. H. and L.) still live, and in their lovely villa enjoy their *otium cum dignitate*, maintaining a high character for religious worth and munificent charities. As if gifted with an insight into the future of Victoria, Sir Thomas writes, "The banks of the Murray are chequered "by the channels of many streams falling from them, and by the "more permanent and extensive waters of deep lagoons, which "are numerous on the face of these plains, as if intended by a "bounteous Providence to correct the deficiencies of a climate "otherwise too dry for an industrious and increasing people, by "preserving in these abundant reservoirs, the surplus waters of "the large river ; and, indeed, a finer country for cattle-stations "can scarcely be imagined." Such was "Australia Felix," or Victoria, in 1835 ; and when Sir Thomas reached Port Philip, 260 miles from Portland, he saw the tents of the first settlers pitched among the gum-trees, with the kangaroo and emu all around them, on the very spot where now the proud and noble city of Melbourne stands.* Amongst those first settlers was the present Honourable John Pascoe Fawkner, now living at Melbourne, in a green old age, and intimately associated with the growth of Congregationalism in Victoria, and a most generous benefactor to all good works.

In 1840, Count Strzelecki undertook a second expedition into Eastern Australia, which resulted in his ascertaining correctly that the source of the Murray—the Australian Thames—is in the heart of the Australian Alps, at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. He ascended once more the snowy, craggy, sienitic cone of Kosciusko, cresting this mountain range in great sublimity, and, descending, made the important discovery of an extensive and most fertile district lying between the sea-coast and the main range, which, says the Count, "I "took the liberty of naming, in honour of the Governor, Gipps' "Land." Victoria is proud, and may well be proud, of this territory ; 5,600 square miles in extent, with 250 miles of sea-coast ; two good harbours, with eight rivers navigable for small

* In 1836 the first census of Victoria was taken, and its population found to be 177, of whom 142 were men and 35 women. In 1861 the population of the colony was found to exceed 540,000, and that of Melbourne and its suburbs alone at the present time exceeds 150,000. If ever a nation was born in a day, it has been at the Antipodes ; the history of the world furnishes no approximate parallel to this. Thus

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day,
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

craft; then an uninhabited solitude, but now peopled by settlers and stockholders. In all Victoria we know of no district so beautiful as Gipps' Land; and the great danger is lest it should be too speedily crowded with an emigrant population without pecuniary means to develop its resources.

In 1844, Dr. Ludwig Leichardt—alas! that he should have perished ultimately—started upon a most difficult and hazardous journey into the interior. Its object was to explore the country from the Darling Downs (Queensland) to the Gulf of Carpentaria, a task involving fourteen months' privation and fatigue, and extending over 3,000 miles. With ten persons, two of whom soon returned, sixteen cattle, seventeen horses, four kangaroo dogs, and some flour, sugar, and tea, the Doctor started upon an expedition which the colonists thought hopeless, on account of its apparently inadequate preparation. But to this very circumstance they owed their safety and their lives, just as, we doubt not, Burke and Wills' expedition failed in so melancholy a manner by the *impedimenta rerum* which the Melbournians deemed it necessary they should carry. The country Leichardt traversed on this expedition was at that time almost a *terra incognita*, the vast territory lying between Moreton Bay and Port Essington, in the Gulf of Carpentaria, never having been explored before. Justly as the colonists prided themselves on the notable discoveries of Mitchell, which opened up Victoria, and the Gipps' Land of Strzelecki, they dwindle into insignificance when compared with Leichardt's wondrous feat in revealing an extent of country 1,500 miles in length, and endowed by nature with all that can make a country a glorious home for a settler, having exuberant richness of soil and luxuriant pasturage. So long was Leichardt absent that the report gained general belief that he and his party had all perished, and an expedition was equipped to ascertain their fate, if possible. They failed to come upon his tracks, however, and returned; a Sydney poet composed his requiem, and a Sydney musician set it to appropriate music; it became very popular, and was sung at evening parties, when suddenly, the traveller, whom everybody had consigned to the tomb, made his appearance at Sydney, in a state of excellent health and good spirits. It is painful to add, that, on his subsequent journey, Leichardt and all his party did perish, where, when, and how, are all shrouded in mystery—most probably by the hostile spears of the treacherous natives.

Omitting mention of Gregory and Dalrymple's further exploration of this territory, we come down to a very recent period, and to explorations of a most marvellous character. Various

attempts had been made, at different times, to reach the centre of the continent, and solve the problem of the interior. This honour was reserved for John M'Douall Stuart, one of Australia's best bushmen and most enduring and heroic travellers. With two companions only and thirteen horses, he left Chambers' Creek a little to the north of Adelaide, and pushed forward steadily to the north-west, his knowledge of the country, acquired from his two previous minor explorations, enabling him to do this rapidly and safely. On the 22nd of April he reached the centre, and wrote thus:—"To-day, I find from my observation "of the sun, that I am now camped in the centre of the continent." A short distance off was a high mount, which he named, "Central Mount Stuart," where he erected a pile of stones, planted the British flag, and deposited in the cairn a paper, containing a brief account of his journey to that point. Pursuing his journey through a most sterile country, full of heart and hope, nothing daunted by the dreary barrier of scrub and desert that surrounded him and his brave little party, he pushed on to the "M'Douall Ranges," in 19° S. latitude, and 134° longitude W., where his horses became knocked up, and nearly mad for want of water. Fortunately, water was found, and, after a rest of several days, Mr. Stuart proceeded northwards towards the sea, hoping to reach the Gulf of Carpentaria. He soon fell in with a tribe of unfriendly natives, at a place he appropriately named "Attack Creek," who "threw a "shower of boomerangs at them, accompanied by fearful yells, "and then jumping, dancing, and screaming like so many fiends, "they set fire to the grass." Reluctantly Stuart fired upon them; but finding it impossible to proceed, he retraced his steps to Chambers' Creek, having travelled 2,300 miles in six months, and penetrated to within 300 miles of the south-west of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Within a month after his return to Adelaide, Stuart, at the request of the Government, undertook another, his fifth, tour of exploration. The melancholy fate of Burke and Wills, to which we shall presently refer, had just become known; but nothing daunts an Australian bushman, and, on the 21st of October, 1861, he was in his saddle, booted and spurred for another tentative effort across the wild, barren, waterless* continent, with twelve companions and a suitable relay of horses, and supplies of tea, flour, and sugar. After long and weary journeys, the valley of the Adelaide was reached, and, at length, the sea on the

* On one occasion his horses were one hundred and six hours without water.

northern coast was reached, a flagstaff commemorative of the event planted, some toasts drank, *in tea*, appropriate speeches made, and then the party prepared to return to Adelaide, which, after incredible hardships and sufferings, they safely reached. The result of this great journey we will give in Mr. Stuart's own words:—"Judging from the experience I have had in "travelling through the continent of Australia, the last twenty-two years, I have no hesitation in saying, that the country I "have discovered, on and around the banks of the Adelaide* river, "is more favourable than any other part of the continent for the "formation of a new colony. The soil is generally of the "richest nature ever found for the benefit of mankind, black "and alluvial, capable of producing anything that can be desired, "and watered by one of the finest rivers in the world." Into this "new country," as it is called, enterprising colonists are already penetrating; we have recently met with several who were starting from Melbourne and Sydney for this far, far distant north, certain to see neither newspaper, nor book, nor friend, for many long months, hoping to find some Government steamer at Port Essington with supplies, meantime intending to travel through the vast interior with their flocks and herds, and settle down as squatters in this new and glorious country. All honour to these pioneers of civilization, for the stations of the squatter are its only indications in the interior.

We now re-enter Victoria, and at Melbourne observe the preparations made by the Royal Society of that colony, for its grand expedition into the interior, many hundred miles east of Stuart's track. We have to go back in our dates; on the 20th of August, 1860, the Government party, with Robert O'Hara Burke for its leader, with camels, horses, and twenty-one tons of goods, started for the unexplored interior of Victoria, with the intention of reaching the Gulf of Carpentaria. In the annals of Australian discovery no more melancholy story can, and let us hope never will, be told. Starting with high hope and ambition they reached Menindie on the northern bank of a junction between the Darling and Murray rivers, and here Burke established his first depôt. An advanced party of eight then pushed on to Cooper's Creek, far away in the interior, and here, from some unaccountable reason, the party separated again, Burke, Wills, King and Gray pushing on for the north, leaving—December 16th—four men under Mr. Brake at the Cooper's Creek depôt, to await their return with three months'

† To prevent confusion, we may add that the Adelaide river has no connection with Adelaide city, the capital of South Australia. There is just the entire width of the continent between them.

supply of provisions. Here, patiently, in the very heart of an Australian desert, did they faithfully remain for four months, during which dreary time no tidings reached them of their companions who had gone forward into the interior, or from Mr. Wright and the others left behind at the Darling. At length scurvy and other forms of disease broke out, and on the 21st April, Brake, with his emaciated companions, started for the depôt on the Darling, having first deposited fifty pounds of flour, fifty pounds of oatmeal, fifty pounds of sugar, and thirty pounds of rice at the foot of a tree, on which the word "Dig" was conspicuously carved.

Meantime, the utmost anxiety was felt in Melbourne for the whole party, who were supposed to have perished miserably, and a contingent relief party, under the command of the well known Mr. William Howitt, was organized to ascertain the fate of the exploring expedition. We give, verbatim, the affecting telegram which first relieved public anxiety, showing, however, how well-founded it was.

"Sandhurst, June 29, 1861.

"The Hon. John Macadam, M.D.

I met Mr. Brake at the Loddon with despatches, and received the following message :—Mr. Wright has reached Menindie with eight men, having been joined by Mr. Burke's depôt party from Cooper's Creek. Messrs. Becker (artist and naturalist), Purcell, Stone, and Patton died on the journey. Mr. Burke left Cooper's Creek on the 16th December. Nothing has been heard of him since that date. He was accompanied by Messrs. Wills, King, and Gray; the natives were hostile, and the country for 150 miles waterless. Two camels and three horses died. I shall be in town* to-morrow morning.

"A. W. HOWITT,

Leader of Contingent Party."

Six months then had passed away without any tidings of this gallant but ill-fated expedition; and, as they had only three months' provision with them, it was a matter of painful speculation where they were, or what had become of them. The Royal Society of Melbourne immediately formed a relief party, and a second time Mr. Howitt started for the interior, with five months' provisions, determined to reach Cooper's Creek as soon as possible, that being the last known halting-place of these brave adventurers. At the same time the Victoria Government despatched a steamer to the Albert River, flowing into the Gulf of Carpentaria, under the command of

* Melbourne, distant from Sandhurst ninety-one miles, with five trains daily to and fro, the fares being £1 11s. 6d. and £1 3s. 3d. There are no third class carriages in Australia.

Captain Norman, to make all necessary searches along its shores for traces of Burke and his party, and for the furtherance of the original objects of the expedition.

It was not until the following November, long weary months of intense excitement in Melbourne, that intelligence reached that city of the fate of Burke and his party. Burke and Wills had both died of starvation at Cooper's Creek, Gray had died from the same cause on his way there, and King, the sole survivor, was found by Mr. Howitt living with the natives, by whom he had been treated very kindly. King, an old Indian soldier, had managed amidst hunger and thirst incredible, to keep possession of the journals kept by Mr. Wills, and these are now in the possession of the Royal Society, Melbourne. Very briefly we may summarize their statements. Burke and his companions successfully accomplished the great feat of crossing the continent, coming out at the Gulf of Carpentaria on the 11th February. They then struck direct east to the 140th parallel of longitude, and reached the Albert River in lat. 17, 53 S. They had thus crossed Australia from sea to sea. Having killed their last horse and one or two of the camels for food, and terribly emaciated from constant privations, they prepared to return by the same route; picking up their tracks, which they could easily do, but compelled to travel mostly on foot, they at length reached Cooper's Creek on the morning of Sunday, April 21st. On the morning of that very day, as already stated, the depôt party under Burke had left the Creek for Menindie, distant 400 miles. Too weak to reach any of the South Australian settlements, they lived awhile on the provisions left behind by Burke, and when these were exhausted, on the seeds of a native plant; but at last, prostrate in body and mind, and succumbing to their hopeless position, poor Burke laid down and died, Wills died in the bush close by, Gray had perished before, and King, the sole survivor, sheltered by a few friendly blacks, remained amongst them till the following November, when he was found by Mr. Howitt's relief party. He is now living in Melbourne, pensioned by the Government; and very recently a noble group of sculpture, representing Burke, Wills, and Gray, has been placed in honour of their memories at the top of Collins' Street, one of the most commanding sites in this fine city.

Before, however, this disastrous termination of this expedition became known, and was only feared, Queensland, Victoria, and South Australia, laying aside those miserable jealousies that are the curse of these colonies, had sent out contingent parties of relief and in search of the apparently lost explorers. Mr. Landsborough, the best bushman in Queensland, being solicited

by the Governor, undertook this onerous duty, and proceeded in the *Firefly* to the Gulf: the vessel was wrecked unhappily in Torres' Straits. After three weeks' delay, with diminished strength, Mr. Landsborough started for the interior, travelling in a south-west direction, on a journey that he knew must occupy four months, with "only seven and a half pounds of flour, and three pounds of meat for each man," and for the rest dependent on kangaroo, emu, or wallaby that might cross their path. No tea, no sugar—the Australian bushman's all-in-all—not an ounce. However, he crossed 1500 miles of previously unknown territory, and arrived on the banks of the Darling safe and sound on the 1st of June. Although he failed to "pick up the tracks" of the missing party, he discovered a glorious country to which we have already referred, and which has so intimate a bearing on the future of North Australia, and on the prospects of immigrants from this country, that we must quote his own description of it.

"I was delighted on getting to the Gulf to see such good country—one of the finest pastoral countries I have ever witnessed. It is about twenty years since I arrived in Victoria, and since then I never saw a better country for stock than I saw at the Gulf of Carpentaria. In my first expedition I went through a fine country, following up the running streams for 150 miles in a south-west direction, intending to go to Stuart's farthest. In this expedition, though the horses had little rest, and although they had undergone so much privation on shipboard, yet so good was the country, that the horses travelled as well as if they had been stable-fed. On my return to the dépôt, we rested the horses for three weeks, and then we started to go in search of the tracks of Burke. We heard that his tracks had been seen on the Flindus River, but though he had only preceded us by about two months, so much rain had fallen that we found it was impossible to follow up his tracks. We followed the river up for about 400 miles, through a *magnificent* country."

Failing in discovering Burke and his party, this exploration of Landsborough has demonstrated the fact, that, whatever may be the character of the interior of Australia, and this will always vary according to the capricious seasons of that abnormal country, there is a large extent of fine country in the north; and that sheep, horses, and cattle may be taken at comparatively small cost from South Australia, Victoria, or New South Wales and the inland districts of Queensland to stock the country surrounding the Gulf of Carpentaria. The fine harbour of Port Essington, called by Admiral D'Uroillo

a "superb basin," will, at no distant future, become a most important commercial station, rivalling Sydney and Melbourne, and through its close proximity to India, China, the southern parts of Asia, and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, will prove a most valuable outlet for British commerce, in return for which it will give us rice, and sugar, and cotton in any quantity. All that is wanted is the creative power of the thinking brain and the sweating brow; and both are fast flowing there. That Port Essington will be the capital of Northern Australia no one doubts, neither can any one predict the enormous proportion of the future export trade from this colony of all tropical productions, tea, spices, oils, &c., in addition to those just mentioned.

But to return: simultaneously with the relief party dispatched by the Victoria Government, the South Australian Government sent another, the result of which is given in M'Kinlay's extraordinary *Tracks across Australia*. On the 16th of August, 1861, he and his party left Adelaide, taking a direction greatly to the east of Stuart's track; and crossing Burke and Wills' path, and ascertaining their fate, he pushed on through the Stony Desert, and then came into a country which he found to be a vast depression of table land, now a great inland sea, where he and his party had to swim from knoll to knoll to save their lives, nothing being visible on either side but one vast, still sheet of water. Day by day he kept his journal, and the charm of this volume is the simplicity, yet completeness, of each day's record. How he and his companions fared sumptuously on a few crows, a joint of horse, occasionally on salt mutton or tough kangaroo; how they spun long yarns at night; how they "kept the Sabbath holy by reading the Bible, home letters, and the old, old newspapers;" how they maintained strict discipline, keeping watch and watch regularly;—all this must be read in his own unvarnished narrative to be thoroughly appreciated. At length, he reached the celebrated Gulf of Carpentaria, whose waters he rounded to the east and north-east, far remote from Stuart's north-west approach, and then, instead of returning south, as all previous explorers had done, he started away directly for the eastern shores of Australia. He had not lost a single man, but he knew they had not strength to return: his seventy sheep were reduced to three, and they were killing their horses fast, finding "horseflesh very good indeed;" at last, after sufferings and hardships, the tale of which reads like a romance, he reached Rockhampton, on the extreme east, and arrived at Melbourne September 25th, 1862. His account of North Australia confirms all that we have stated, and there can be little doubt that a few years will see this

“new country” occupied by intelligent and enterprising settlers.

It is impossible to overrate the value of these Australian explorations, whether related to the future of that country, or to the crowded masses of our own population. That it is a part of the Divine will, that the habitable should become the inhabited parts of the earth; that the silent solitudes of the world should become resonant with the glad speech of the human voice, and the devout worship of Him in whose hand are all the corners of the earth, that thus, in reality, the wilderness and the solitary place should shout and laugh for joy, we none of us doubt; and these modern missionaries, these men, sternly defiant of danger and endurant of fatigue, whom no privations appal, and no prosperity spoils, these are the true crusaders of the nineteenth century. With such types of men as Stuart, Sturt, Burke M'Kinlay, and many others, we know that the age of chivalry has not passed away, and it is a pardonable pride to congratulate ourselves, that Great Britain has not been forestalled by any foreign power, in the development of the hydrographical features of a country she has made her own; a country in which are being laid broad and deep the foundations of empires, whose future greatness and wealth may eclipse our own; and in which alone, of all the Colonial possessions of the Crown, there is no State Church to fetter the freedom, or cramp the energies of a young, strong, prosperous people.

Necessarily brief and sketchy as this summary of the history of Australian explorations is, it is an endeavour to place before our readers, at one view, an outline of what has been done since 1814, to reveal the vast interior of that marvellous island-continent; and in bringing this article to a conclusion, we quote the words of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. “The Great Central Desert of Australia has, in the progress of exploration, grown “ ‘small by degrees and beautifully less.’ In proportion to the “ growth of our knowledge, the belief in its existence has de- “ creased. The dreary belts intersecting the settled country have “ been penetrated in all directions, and fertile lands, abounding “ with grass and water, have been found to spread, with compa- “ ratively slight exceptions, right across the island-continent from “ sea to sea. Good grazing country, plenty of water, and a “ climate which, though within the tropics, is cooler and more “ agreeable than parts of Australia situate in the temperate zone, “ are accounts which come from Stuart and Landsborough, who “ have passed through this island-continent at various points—in “ reference to an almost illimitable area. Other resources, agri- “ cultural, mineral, tropical, and geographical will soon be

“developed. Navigable rivers, convenient harbours, splendid
 “entrepots for trade and commerce, eligible sites for towns and
 “cities, will force themselves upon discovery, and reward their
 “discoveries with an amplitude equally beyond their deservings
 “and their anticipations.”

 VI.

“THE MOUNTAIN OF LANGUAGES.”—MAX MULLER.*

THIS new volume, from the pen of Professor Muller, will be a rich *bon bouche* for the lovers of etymology; it is full of entertainment as of erudition; it will keep a dull man from sleeping, and furnish a quick and lively fancy with wings for the most delightful speculations—speculations ethnological, historical, and metaphysical. The scholar moves his words about till they seem to have the magic of a kaleidoscope, or the vivid variety of a photographic gallery. We are conducted to the fontal source of races and peoples, by the unerring navigation of words: those fleeting and evanescent things, human sounds, seem to be the most durable and undecaying of all human monuments. We find, therefore, in the volume before us, a rich and incessantly varying fountain of interest; we have no doubt that, great philologist as Professor Muller is, even he is sometimes seduced by plausibilities; perhaps it may be found, too, that what seems etymology is sometimes rather analogy—and differing at any time from a scholar so accomplished and from a master so full-hearted, as well as large and full minded, we should always differ with the modesty and deference due to one who devotes the whole strength and fulness of his time, and his intelligence, to the science whose mysteries he endeavours to explore. The volume before us, as it is much larger, so it is also much more comprehensive than its predecessor; it deals much more with the subject of language as really a science, is less occupied with apology for it as a branch of study, and the separation of it from other studies and sciences. For ourselves, we confess to a feeling long entertained, that such etymological results, such poring

* *Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in February, March, April, and May, 1863.* By Max Muller, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; Correspondant De l'Institut de France. Second Series. With thirty-one Woodcuts. Longmans.

over the lore of language, such entrance into its mysterious affinities, leads rather to the conclusion that language is one in another sense than that of mere connection. Professor Muller says :—

No sound scholar would ever think of deriving any Greek or Latin word from Sanskrit. Sanskrit is not the mother of Greek and Latin, as Latin is of French and Italian. Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin are sisters, varieties of one and the same type. *They all point to some earlier stage when they were less different from each other than they now are; but no more.* All we can say in favour of Sanskrit is, that it is the eldest sister; that it has retained many words and forms less changed and corrupted than Greek and Latin. The more primitive character and transparent structure of Sanskrit have naturally endeared it to be the student of language, but they have not blinded him to the fact, that on many points Greek and Latin—nay, Gothic and Celtic—have preserved primitive features which Sanskrit has lost. Greek is co-ordinate with, not subordinate to Sanskrit; and the only distinction which Sanskrit is entitled to claim is that which Austria used to claim in the German Confederation—to be the first among equals, *primus inter pares*.

But the history of the Aryan root, MAR, which our author imagines he traces in its wonderful, almost ubiquitous, travels, and branches through the manifold kingdoms of speech, is either one of the fanciful or scientific of all the relations of language. We are told that out of many possible general notions, and out of many possible general terms, those only become, through a process of natural selection, typical in each language, which are now called the roots, the fertile germs of that language. These are definite in form and meaning; they are phonetic types; they are firm in their outline, though liable to important modifications; they are the “specific centres of language,” and without them the science of language would be impossible. So says our author. He illustrates these statements from the destinies of the Aryan root MAR, which means to crush, to pound, to destroy by friction. The original conception in the word was that of grinding down; and from this homely conception the Aryan mind has spun out a web of ideas, sometimes *illustrating* the orderly procession of logical thought, sometimes the poetic flights of *fancy*; but we have to remember while we trace the succession of words, (1) that *r* and *l* are cognate and interchangeable; therefore, *mar* = *mal*; (2) that *ar* in Sanscrit is shortened to a simple vowel, and then pronounced *ai*, hence *mar* = *mri*; (3) that *ar* may be pronounced *ra*, and *al*, *la*; hence *mar* = *mra*, *mal* = *mra*; (4) that *mra* and *mra* in Greek are changed into *moro*, *molo*, and after dropping the *m* into *bro* and

blo. We are afraid that readers who are not scientific etymologists, or who have not, at least, rooted and grounded themselves in the principles of Grimm's great law of language, will be disposed to believe in the sarcasm of Voltaire, who defined "etymology as the science in which vowels signified nothing at all, and consonants very little." But, by the lamp of modern etymological science, Professor Muller finds—*mar*, in the Sanskrit, *malana*, and *marḍita*, rubbing and grinding to pieces, in *mṛi-nā-mi* used in the more serious sense of smashing and killing, and *marchh*, to faint, from *mar*, which, by a regular process for forming inchoative verbs, means to begin to die. The ancient Aryans wanted to express, for the first time, what they constantly saw around them, namely, the gradual wearing away of the human frame, the slow decay, followed by a complete breaking up of the body, and they expressed the idea by *mar*, the grinding of stone to dust; and in the same language the body itself is called *mūrti*, decayed; *marman* also, a joint, the Sanscrit grammarians derive from *mar*, expressing, as it does, decaying members, the movement of articulated joints; and from the same root the Sanscrit derives *mara*, a desert, a dead soil. Jean Paul has called language a dictionary of faded metaphors; the etymologist seeks to restore the metaphor to its original brightness. We speak of stagnant water, the French of *eau morte*; the Aryans gave to the sea the name *mar*, to die; they had other names besides, but this was one aspect in which it struck their fancy and their thought; the same language yields *marut*, a storm, literally, a pounder or smasher; and the *maruts* or martial deities were the companions of Indra in his daily battle with Vritra. *Mar* also forms *marḍh* or *mṛidh*, and this gives in Sanscrit the sense of destroying, killing, hence *mṛidh*, enemy; but the same word also signifies to rub, but not in the sense of destroying, and, hence, to clean or to purify; and the cat is called in Sanscrit *mārjāra*, the animal that always rubs or cleans itself. Through a far greater space than we can devote to the following him, Professor Muller follows the fates and fortunes of this one word *mar*, a small chapter in the history and growth of the Aryan languages, but wonderfully illustrating the power and elasticity of roots, and the unlimited sway of metaphor in the formation of new ideas. Our author says, in unravelling this cluster of words, it is his chief object to trace the gradual growth of ideas, and the slow progress of the mind, from the single to the general, from the material to the spiritual, from the concrete to the abstract; from this word or root (remembering the principles of etymology stated above), we get the name for

mill in Latin, Greek, German, Celtic, Slavonic. German, it is derived from the root *mar*, with all the relations of miller, millstone, milling, and meal; and the mill with the *mylôtai* of the Greek, the molares or grinders of the Latin, also milling or fighting, like the *marhamai*, applied to the boxers of the Odyssey, hence comes *maraino*, in the Greek, to wear out, and *marasmos*, to decay; and hence the Latin *morior*, I die, the Teutonic, the Gothic *maurtâr*, the English *murder*, the old Slavonic *morn*, pestilence: the Lithuanian, *mirti*, to die; the Latin, *morior*, to decay; *mortus*, that which causes decay, illness. But from the same root, the original *mar* or *mal*, come the *moliones* of Grecian fables, the millers who had one body, but two heads, four feet and four hands; comes also *Thor Mjólnir*, the holy maul, maillet, malleus; comes also *Mars* and *Ares*, the counter parts of the Indian *Maretsj*; comes also the designation of *martel* from this root *malq*, Slavonic for milking, and old high German *milchu*. Time altogether fails to recapitulate the instances in which we have terms signifying milking, and propitiating, and the sickening of the heart and memory, and martyrdom, and the consuming of hopes, all derived from this one root. All this seems to present a large tax upon belief, and it is indeed very necessary to remind us that such derivations "all point to some earlier stage when "languages were less different from each other than they now "are, but no more." Such reflections and etymologies are not new to us, but is it not possible that the true solution lies deeper than the source Professor Muller has indicated? "Language," he says, "has been a very good housewife to her "husband, the human mind; she has made a very little go a great "way. She has furnished decent clothing for the number- "less offspring of the human mind, he says, and has shown "that if we trace back words to their primitive elements, we "arrive, not at letters but at roots;" he analyses Grimm's law, a law of great importance and very wide applications, affecting the whole consonantal structure of the Aryan language. It is very noticeable that the sarcasm of Voltaire, referred to already, has now become one of the acknowledged principles of etymology; identity, or even similarity of sound or meaning, is of no importance whatever—"Sound etymology "has nothing to do with sound;" "we know words to be of "the same origin which have not a single letter in common, "and which differ in meaning as much as black and white. "Mere guesses, however plausible, are completely discarded "from the province of scientific etymology. What etymology "professes to teach is no longer merely that one word is derived

“from another, but how to prove, step by step, that one word
 “was regularly and necessarily changed into another; if then,
 “sound etymology has nothing to do with sound, what other
 “method is to be followed in order to prove the derivation of
 “a word to be true and trustworthy? we must discover the laws
 “which regulate the changes of letters.” “If,” continues
 Professor Muller, “it were by mere accident that the ancient
 “word for *tear* took the form *as’ru* in Sanscrit, *dákry* in Greek,
 “*lacruma* in Sanskrit, *tagr* in Gothic, a scientific treatment of
 “etymology would be an impossibility. But this is not the case.
 “In spite of the apparent dissimilarity of the words for *tear*
 “in English and French, there is not an inch of ground
 “between these two extremes, *tear* and *lacme*, that cannot
 “be bridged over by comparative philology.” This is illustrated
 again in

PEN AND FEATHER.

There is little similarity to the naked eye between *pen* and *feather*, yet if placed under the microscope of comparative grammar, both words disclose exactly the same structure. Both are derived from a root *pat*, which in Sanskrit means to fly, and which is easily recognised in the Greek *pétomai*, I fly. From this root a Sanskrit word is derived by means of the instrumental suffix *tra*, *pat-tra*, or *pata-tra*, meaning the instrument of flying, a wing or a feather. From the same root another substantive was derived, which became current in the Latin dialect of the Aryan speech, *patna* or *petna*, meaning equally an instrument of flying or a feather. This *petna* became changed into *penna*—a change which rests not merely on phonetic analogy, but is confirmed by Festus, who mentions the intermediate Italian form, *pesna*. The Teutonic dialect retained the same derivative which we saw in Sanskrit, only modifying its pronunciation by substituting aspirated for hard consonants, according to rule. Thus *patra* had to be changed into *phathra*, in which we easily recognise the English *feather*. Thus *pen* and *feather*, the one from a Latin, the other from a Teutonic source, are established as merely phonetic varieties of the same word, analogous in every respect to such double words as those which we pointed out in Latin, which we saw in much larger numbers in French, and which impart not only the charm of variety, but the power of minute exactness to the language of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton.

This is, in fact, the statement, in other words, of the law of Grimm. It is important to notice that the aspirated letters exist only in Sanscrit and Greek—that in the former they are chiefly soft, in the latter entirely hard. Grimm’s law, therefore, finds that if the same roots or the same words exist in Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Celtic, Slavonic, Lithuanian, or High German, then, wherever the Hindoos and the Greeks pronounce an aspirate, the Goths and the Low Germans—generally the Saxons, Anglo-Saxons,

Frisians, &c.—pronounce the corresponding soft check, *g, d, eb*, the High Germans the corresponding hard check, *k, t, p*. It is thus that, instead of attempting to explain the differences between Greek and Gothic by referring one to the other, we ought rather to trace back both to a common source from which each may have started with its peculiar consonantal structure.

Now we know from the physiological analysis of the alphabet, that three, or sometimes four, varieties exist for each of the three consonantal contacts. We may pronounce *p* as a hard letter by cutting the breath sharply with our lips; we may pronounce it as a soft letter, by allowing the refraining pressure to be heard while we form the contact; and we may pronounce it an aspirate by letting an audible emission of breath follow immediately on the utterance of the hard or the soft letter. Thus we get for each point of consonantal contact four varieties:—

k, kh, g, gh,
t, th, d, dh,
p, ph, b, bh.

This rich variety of consonantal contact is to be found, however, in highly developed languages only. Even among the Aryan dialects, Sanskrit alone can boast of possessing it entire. But if we look beyond the Aryan frontiers, and examine such dialects as, for instance, the Hawaiian, we see first, that even the simplest distinction, that between hard and soft contact, has not yet been achieved. A Hawaiian, as we saw, not only finds it extremely difficult to distinguish between *k* and *t*; he likewise fails to perceive any difference between *k* and *g*, *t* and *d*, *p* and *b*. The same applies to other Polynesian languages. In Finnish the distinction between *k, t, p*, and *g, d, b* is of modern date, and owing to foreign influence. The Finnish itself recognises no such distinction in the formation of its roots and vocables, whereas in cognate dialects, such as Hungarian, that distinction has been fully developed.

Here seems to be the great secret of language. A very imperfect alphabet will suffice for the lower states of thought and speech, but with the progress of the mind a corresponding development will take place in the articulation of letters. Thus, some dialects never arrived at more than one set of aspirates; others ignored them altogether or lost them again in the course of time. It is hence that languages reflect the history of nations, and thus analysed beneath the microscope of philology and comparative anatomy, almost every word tells of the vicissitudes through which it has passed on its way from Central Asia. Hence, we see also how it is that languages, in certain stages of their history, are continually becoming more unlike each other, so that in the course of a few generations there is little visible similitude. But inquiring into the origin of language, we find it is distinctly human—there is no speech without reason; language is the record of the way in which the mind, the gather-

ing power of man, has comprehended the endless variety of nature beneath names. Man is the namer. We never meet with articulate sounds except as wedded to determinate ideas, and the converse also seems true that we never meet with determinate ideas except as bodied forth in articulate sounds. Sounds, words, names, are the vague and frail conceptions of the minutest shades of thought and feeling. The volume before us is rich and fertile, indeed, in illustration of this, showing how reason cannot become real without speech. Hegel said, “it is in names that we think ;” Professor Muller says—and we quote the passage as very happily expressing the method of his philosophy as well as his style of communication :—

Let us take any word, for instance, *experiment*. It is derived from *experior*. *Perior*, like Greek *perân*, would mean to go through. *Perītus* is a man who has gone through many things ; *periculum*, something to go through, a danger. *Experior* is to go through and come out (the Sanskrit, *vyutpad*) ; hence *experience* and *experiment*. The Gothic *faran*, the English *to fare*, are the same words as *perân* ; hence the German *Erfahrung*, experience, and *Gefahr*, periculum ; *Wohlfahrt*, welfare, the Greek *euporia*. As long then as the word *experiment* expresses this more or less general idea, it has a real existence. But take the mere sound, and change only the accent, and we get *experiment*, and this is nothing. Change one vowel or one consonant, *exporiment* or *esperiment*, and we have mere noises, what Heraclitus would call a mere *psôphos*, but no words. *Châraacter*, with the accent on the first syllable, has a meaning in English, but none in German or French ; *charâcter*, with the accent on the second syllable, has a meaning in German, but none in English or French ; *charactère*, with the accent on the last, has a meaning in French, but none in English or German. It matters not whether the sound is articulate or not ; articulate sound without meaning is even more unreal than inarticulate sound. If, then, these articulate sounds, or what we may call the body of language, exist nowhere, have no independent reality, what follows ? I think it follows that this so-called body of language could never have been taken up anywhere by itself, and added to our conceptions from without ; from which it would follow again that our conceptions, which are now always clothed in the garment of language, could never have existed in a naked state. This would be perfectly correct reasoning, if applied to anything else ; nor do I see that it can be objected to as bearing on thought and language. If we never find skins except as the teguments of animals, we may safely conclude that animals cannot exist without skins. If colour cannot exist by itself (*ἀπαν γὰρ χρώμα ἐν σώματι*), it follows that neither can anything that is coloured exist without colour. A colouring substance may be added or removed, but colour without some substance, however ethereal, is, *in rerum naturâ*, as impossible as substance without colour, or as substance without form or weight.

Of course, this runs immediately counter to the two ordinary

theories of language—the *onomatopæic*, which derives words from the sounds of animals and of nature in general; and the *interjectional*, which derives words, not from the imitation of the interjections of others, but from the interjections themselves, as wrung forth, almost against their will, from the framers of language. It seems our author gave some offence by classifying these two theories, in his first series of lectures, beneath the denominations of the bow-wow theory—the onomatopæic, and the pooh-pooh theory, the interjectional. He does not deny that from the imitation of the sounds of animals and nature in general, some kind of language might have been formed, but not a language like that which we find in numerous varieties among all the races of men. He says, well and truly—"The onomatopæic theory goes very smoothly as long as it deals with cackling hens and quacking ducks; but round that poultry yard there is a dead wall, and we soon find that it is behind that wall that language really begins;" thus, *language is the logos*; "animals themselves have," says our author, "sensation, perception, memory, will, and judgment, but we cannot allow to them a trace of what the greeks called *logos*, that is, the reason literally gathering." And this is copiously illustrated when we come to that which is perhaps the very richest mine of all language—the relations of metaphor—

Tribulation, anxiety, is derived from *tribulum*, a sledge used by the ancient Romans for rubbing out the corn, consisting of a wooden platform studded underneath for with sharp pieces of flint or with iron teeth. The similarity between the state of mind that had to be expressed and the state of the grains of corn shaken in a *tribulum* is evident, and so striking that, if once used, it was not likely to be forgotten again. This *tribulum*, again, is derived from the verb *terere*, to rub or grind. Now suppose a man's mind so oppressed with the weight of his former misdeeds that he can hardly breathe, or look up, or resist the pressure, but feels crushed and ground to dust within himself, that man would describe his state of mind as a state of *contrition*, which means "being ground to pieces," from the same verb *terere*, to grind.

The French *penser* to think, is the Latin *pensare*, which would mean to weigh, and lead us back to *pendere*, to hang. "To be in suspense" literally means to be hung up, and swaying to and fro. "To suspend judgment" means to hang it up, to keep it from taking effect.

Doubt, again, the Latin *dubium*, expresses literally the position between two points, from *duo*, just as the German *Zweifel* points back to *zwei*, two.

To believe is generally identified with the German *belieben*, to be pleased with a thing, to approve of it; the Latin *libet*, it pleases. But *to believe*, as well as the German *glauben*, meant originally more than simply

to approve of a thing. Both words must be traced back to the root *lubh*, which has retained its original meaning in the Sanskrit *lobha*, desire, and the Latin *libido*, violent, irresistible desire. The same root was taken to express that irresistible passion of the soul, which makes man break apparently through the evidence of the senses and the laws of reason (*credo quia absurdum*), and drives him, by a power which nothing can control, to embrace some truth which alone can satisfy the natural cravings of his being. This is belief in its truest sense, though it dwindles down in the course of time to mean no more than to suppose, or to be pleased, just as *I love*, which is derived from the same root as *to believe*, comes to mean, *I like*.

Truth has been explained by Horne Tooke as that which a man *throweth*. This however, would explain very little. *To throw* is but a derivative verb, meaning to make or hold a thing true. But what is *true*? *True* is the Sanskrit *dhruva*, and means firm, solid anything that will hold; from *dhar*, to hold.

Again—

Metaphor is one of the most powerful engines in the construction of human speech, and without it we can hardly imagine how any language could have progressed beyond the simplest rudiments. Metaphor generally means the transferring of a name from the object to which it properly belongs to other objects which strike the mind as in some way or other participating in the peculiarities of the first object. The mental process which gave to the root *mar* the meaning of *to propitiate* was no other than this, that men perceived some analogy between the smooth surface produced by rubbing and polishing and the smooth expression of countenance, the smoothness of voice, and the calmness of looks produced even in an enemy by kind and gentle words. Thus, when we speak of a crane, we apply the name of a bird to an engine. People were struck with some kind of similarity between the long-legged bird picking up his food with his long beak and their rude engines for lifting weights. In Greek, too, *géranos* has both meanings. This is metaphor. Again, cutting remarks, glowing words, fervent prayers, slashing articles, all are metaphor. *Spiritus* in Latin meant originally blowing, or wind. But when the principle of life within man or animal had to be named, its outward sign, namely, the breath of the mouth, was naturally chosen to express it. Hence in Sanskrit *asu*, breath and life; in Latin *spiritus*, breath and life. Again, when it was perceived that there was something else to be named, not the mere animal life, but that which was supported by this animal life, the same word was chosen, in the Modern Latin dialects, to express the spiritual as opposed to the mere material or animal element in man. All this is metaphor.

We read in the Veda, ii. 3, 4:—“Who saw the first-born when he who had no form (lit. bones) bore him that had form? Where was the life (*asuh*), the blood (*asrik*), the self (*âtmâ*) of the earth? Who went to ask this from any that knew it?”

Here *breath*, *blood*, *self*, are so many attempts at expressing what we should call cause.

It is, perhaps, at this point we especially discover how much, as our author has so admirably shown in his preceding lectures, the science of language owes to Christianity. It struck the word barbarian from the dictionary of mankind, and substituted the word brother, and hence presented the problem of human speech for solution from an aspect, and by the means of aids, it had never known before. "I date," says Max Muller, "the 'real beginning of the science of language from the day of 'Pentecost.'" Yes, a new class of terms and names came into existence; new feelings, new emotions had to be named; and, indeed, at this stage, the discussion of the problem of language introduces us to the source of much of the acrimony and theological bitterness. The disputes touching heresy, which have defaced and deformed and agitated the church, we believe, with our author, that a history of such terms as *to know*, and *to believe*, *finite* and *infinite*, *real* and *necessary*, would do more than anything else to clear the philosophical atmosphere of our days; thus—

Speech is morning to the mind,
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie dark and buried in the soul.

And language grows as the mind grows, or becomes the subject of new impressions, and thoughts, and sensations, for although by language can never fathom the abysses of existence, yet by its means we learn more of the world of spirit than the senses can ever tell us about the visible and the material; and thus, in the volume before us, the writer finds language conducting him back to his beloved kingdom of comparative mythology; names, analysed, guide to the unity of human impressions concerning the life of nature and of the human soul; concerning the powers and forces of nature and the being of God. It is in the analysis of language we are to seek for the solution of those fables which seem simply monstrous, and which have arisen from the dominion of metaphor in language in the earliest ages. The Greeks had an instinctive aversion to everything excessive or monstrous, yet they relate of their gods what would make the most savage of the Red Indians creep and shudder? How that Uranos was maimed by his son Kronos; how Kronos swallowed his own children, and after years of digestion vomited out alive his whole progeny; how Apollo, their fairest god, hung Marsyas on a tree, and flayed him alive; how Demeter, the sister of Zeus, partook of the shoulder of Pelops, who had been butchered and roasted by his own father Tantalus, as a feast for the gods. Surely all these absurdities had a foundation somewhere and somehow in reason and in sense

in the real perceptions and true human feelings of the soul ; as in the Vedic poems two dogs represent one of the lowest of many conceptions of morning and evening : and in the same class of ideas we have the two white rats which gnaw the root the culprit laid hold of when followed by a furious elephant ; he rushed into a well, and saw at the bottom the dragon with open jaws and the four serpents in the four corners of the well. The furious elephant is explained by the Buddhist moralist as death, the well as the earth, the dragon as hell, the four serpents as the four elements, the root of the shrub as the root of human life, the two white rats as sun and moon, which gradually consume the life of man. We are quite aware how large an amount of nonsense has been written and spoken upon the myths of the ancients, and such solutions are only tolerable when they come forth from the close and coherent examinations of scientific deduction ; mythic forms become more interesting when they are clearly seen as representing man's feeble attempts, by language, to speak his terror, his ignorance, his dim or pale conception, his faith and his hope ; when it is found, as Epicurus said, that the gods are, indeed, but they are not as the many believe them to be. Not that he is an infidel who denies the gods of the many, but he who fastens on the gods the opinions of the many ; hence, when we find the name of Heaven used for God, we must bear in mind that those who originally adopted such a name were transferring that name from one object visible to their bodily eyes, to another object grasped by another organ of knowledge—by the vision of the soul. Those who at first called God, Heaven, had something within them that they wished to call the growing image of God ; those who, at a later time, called Heaven, God, had forgotten that they were predicating of Heaven something that was higher than Heaven ; for there is in man a sense that seeks to give a name to its own perceptions—the sense of the Godhead, the *sensus numinis*, as it has been called : faith, as Tacitus tells the Germans, gave the name of gods to that hidden thing which they perceived by reverence alone—*Zeus* ; the Sanscrit *Dyaus*, Theos, Deity, all come from the root signifying heaven ; but the fathers of Greek and Aryan religion were fully aware that they meant more than sky. It is said that Zeus in the form of a bull carried off Europa. This means no more if we translate back into Sanskrit, than that the strong, rising sun (*Vrishan*) carries off the wide-shining dawn. There was nothing that could be told of the sky that was not, in some form or other, ascribed to Zeus. It was Zeus who rained, who thundered, who showered, who hailed, who sent the lightning, who gathered the clouds, who

let loose the winds, who held the rainbow. It is Zeus who orders the days and nights, the months, seasons, and years; it is he who watches over the fields, who sends rich harvests, and who tends the flocks; like the sky, Zeus dwells in the highest mountains; like the sky, Zeus embraces the earth; like the sky, Zeus is eternal, unchanging, the highest God. For good and for evil, Zeus the sky and Zeus the god are wedded together in the Greek mind, language triumphing over thought, tradition over religion. Thus our author shows us how the *nomina* grew into the *numina*, *ideas* into *idols*. Thus, we are enabled to see in words more than words express, and, doubtless, with many persons still, religious language is in the same state as when all myths were the representations of certain forms and modes of metaphor. Is our religious language as real and as unreal, that which spoke of the sun as a racer and a horse? Again, we are reminded that words without definite meanings are at the bottom of nearly all our philosophical and religious controversies—"Half the perplexities of men are traceable to obscurity of thought, hiding and breeding under obscurity of language." So said the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1862. Such terms as nature, law, freedom, necessity, body, substance, matter, church, state, revelation, inspiration, knowledge, belief, are tossed about in the wars of words, as if everybody knew what they meant, and as if everybody used them exactly in the same sense. Like the people of old, the Aryans, who called the sky *dyu*, and then gave to the inward light the *numinis sensus*, the name of *dyu*, till the two words for sky and God became as one on the lip and in the mind, so do we mix the words and the thoughts of different ages; and theological blunders, and heresies, and misconceptions, and persecutions arise from the fact that man uses the same word in two slightly varying senses, and then confounds one meaning with the other. So true it is, as Locke has said, "I am apt to imagine that were the imperfections of language, as the instruments of knowledge, more thoroughly weighed, a great many of the controversies that make such a noise in the world would of themselves cease; and the way to knowledge, and, perhaps, peace, too, lie a great deal opener than it does."

Our author illustrates misconception, growing out of the imperfection of language, from many popular myths, and we must quote a few of the happy etymologies with which the work abounds:—

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

The learned editor of the *Munimenta Gildhallæ Londinensis*, Mr. H. T. Riley, tells us in his Preface (p. xviii-) that, in the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century, trading, or buying and selling at a

profit, was known to the more educated classes under the French name *achat*, which in England was written, and probably pronounced, *acat*. To *acat* of this nature, Whittington was indebted for his wealth; and as, in time, the French became displaced here by the modern English, the meaning of the word probably became lost, and thereby gave the opportunity to some inventive genius, at a much later period, of building a new story on the double meaning of an old and effete word.

OLD SIGN-BOARDS.

A *Cat with a Wheel* is the corrupt emblem of St. Catherine's Wheel; the *Bull and Gate* was originally intended as a trophy of the taking of Boulogne by Henry VIII., it was the Boulogne Gate; and the *Goat and Compasses* have taken the place of the fine old Puritan sign-board, "God encompasseth us."

BRASENOSE COLLEGE.

One of our Colleges at Oxford is now called and spelt *Brasenose*. Over the gate of the College there is a Brazen Nose, and the arms of the College display the same shield, and have done so for several centuries. I have not heard of any legend to account for the startling presence of that emblem over the gate of the College, but this is simply owing to the want of poetic imagination on the part of the Oxford Ciceroni. In Greece, Pausanius would have told us ever so many traditions commemorated by such a monument. At Oxford we are simply told that the College was originally a brewhouse, and that its original name, *brasen-huis* (braserie), was gradually changed to *brasenose*.

Brasenose was founded in the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII., by the joint liberality of William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, and Sir Richard Sutton. The foundation-stone was laid on June 1, 1509, and the charter entitling it "The King's Hall and College of Brasenose," is dated January 15, 1512. This college stands upon the site of no less than four ancient halls, viz., Little University Hall, described by some antiquaries as one of those built by Alfred, and which occupied the north-east angle near the lane; Brasenose Hall, whence the name of the College, situated where the present gateway now stands; Salisbury Hall, the site of a part of the present library; and Little St. Edmund Hall, which was still more to the southward, about where is now the chapel. The name of Brasenose is supposed, with the greater probability, to have been derived from a *Brasinium*, *Brasen-huis*, or brewhouse, attached to the hall built by Alfred; more vulgarly, from some students removed to it from the temporary University of Stamford, where the iron ring of the knocker was fixed in a nose of brass.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

You know the story of St. Christopher. The *Legenda Aurea* says of him that he was a Canaanite, very tall and fearful to look at. "He would not serve anybody who had himself a master; and when he heard that his lord was afraid of the devil, he left him and became himself the servant of the devil. One day, however, when passing a Cross, he observed that his new master was afraid of the Cross, and learning

that there was one more powerful than the devil, he left him to enter the service of Christ. He was instructed by an old hermit, but being unable to fast or to pray, he was told to serve Christ by carrying travellers across a deep river. This he did, until one day he was called three times, and the third time he saw a child that wished to be carried across the river. He took him on his shoulders, but his weight was such that he could hardly reach the opposite shore. When he had reached it, the Child said to him that he had carried Christ himself on his shoulders, in proof whereof, the stick which he had used for many years, when planted in the earth, grew into a tree." Many more miracles are said to have happened to him afterwards, till at last he suffered the death of a martyr.

It is clear, and it is not denied even by Roman Catholic writers, that the whole legend of St. Christopher sprang from his name, which means "he who bears Christ." That name was intended in a spiritual sense, just as St. Ignatius took the name of *Theophorus*, "he who bears God," namely, in his heart. But, as in the case of St. Ignatius, the people who murdered him, when tearing out his heart, are said to have found it miraculously inscribed with the name of God, so the name of *Christophorus* led to the legend just quoted. Whether there was a real Christophorus who suffered martyrdom under Decius, in Lycia, 250 A.D., we cannot tell; but even Alban Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, admits that "there seem to be no other grounds than his name for the vulgar notion of his great stature, the origin of which seems to have been merely allegorical, as Baronius observes, and as Vida has expressed in an epigram on this saint:—

'Christophore, infixum quod eum usque in corde gerebas,
Pictores Christum dant tibi ferri humeris.'

The enormous statues of St. Christopher, still to be seen in many Gothic cathedrals, expressed his allegorical wading through the sea of tribulations, by which the faithful meant to signify the many sufferings through which he arrived at eternal life." Before he was called Christophorus his name was Reprobis; so says the *Legenda Aurea*. Others, improving on the legend, represent his original name to have been *Offerus*, the second part of *Christoferus*, thus showing a complete misunderstanding of the original name.

And this is an illustration of the way in which popular myths grow. St. Thomas Aquinas asked Bonaventura whence he received the force and the unction which he displayed in all his works? Bonaventura pointed to a crucifix, hanging on the wall of his cell, "It is that image," he said, "which dictates all my words to me." What can be more simple, more true, more intelligible. But the saying of Bonaventura was repeated, the people took it literally, and, in spite of all remonstrances, they insisted that Bonaventura possessed a talking crucifix. A profane miracle took the place of a sacred truth, and those who could not understand the truth felt bound to protest against the

vulgar error. If Bonaventura felt the presence of Christ in his lonely cell, if the heart of Ignatius was instinct with the spirit of God, we can understand what is meant, we can sympathise, we can admire, we can love. But if we are told that the one merely possessed a talking crucifix, and that the heart of the other was inscribed with the four Greek letters ΘΕΟΣ, what is that to us?

An interesting piece of learning appears in the solution of the reason for the name of the constellation *Arcturus*, the *Great Bear*—and these two terms plainly and distinctly touch each other. *Arcturus*—*Riksha*, often have the words been expressed that those seven bright stars should be called the Bear. The root *ark* or *arch*, in Sanskrit, signifies not only bright but to make bright; thus the root *arch* might be transferred to the sun, moon, or stars. *Arch*, or *rich*, conveyed all these meanings, and the noun *arkah* in the sense of the term, by a bold flight of fancy, became the name for a hymn of praise, and, hence, mythology and fables in Indian poems tell how hymns of praise proceeded from, and were originally revealed by, the sun. The root gives another word—from *rich*, in the sense of shining, is derived *rikta*, or, *riksha*; but *riksha*, in the sense of bright, has also become the name of the bear, so called either from his bright eyes, or his brilliant tawny fur. The same name *riksha* was given, in Sanskrit, to the stars—the bright ones; the same constellation, called by us the Great Bear, is also called, in Sanskrit, the *seven rishis*, or the *seven sages*. The reason of many a name is beyond our reach, but it seems tolerably easy to trace the origin and the history of this name. We see that the constellation called *rikshas* would be homonymous with bears; the same constellation, without rhyme or reason, is called by the Greeks and Romans, the Bear, in the singular, *árktos* and *ursa*, the etymological meaning of *riksha*, as simply the bright stars, was forgotten. The popular meaning of *riksha*—bear, was known to everybody. And thus it happened that when the Greeks had left their central home and settled in Europe, they retained the name of *Arktos*, for the same unchanging stars, but not knowing why *those* stars had originally received that name. They ceased to speak of them as *arktoi*, or many bears, and spoke of them as the Bear, the Great Bear, adding a bear-ward, the *Arcturus* (οὔρος ward). Thus the name of the Arctic regions rests on the misunderstanding of a name framed thousands of years ago in Central Asia. This entertaining volume is full of such curious and, if sometimes fanciful, assuredly instructive etymologies as this.

The topics opened up for consideration in this delightful

volume are so numerous, and many, for any discussion of them, would occupy so large an amount of time, that we can only refer to some of them. We express but faint praise when we express our sense that nothing so delightful upon the subject of language has been given to us since the publication of the *Diversions of Purley*, a work which, wrong as it was, much of its dogmatism, and its information, gave a spur to inquiry into these matters, which are not so necessary to the settling correct principles as to the relations of human speech—as to the answering some of the most interesting questions touching the nature of the human mind. Thus, when we find ourselves in possession really of the roots of speech, what we want to find out is this, What inward mental phase is it that corresponds to these roots, the great germs of human speech? Our author says, Roots may seem dry things as compared with the poetry of Goethe. Yet, there is something more truly wonderful in a root than in all the lyrics of the world. The study of Sanskrit, the ancient language of the Hindus, opens up a new world to the student of roots; till that language was discovered, “Languages seemed to float about like islands in the ocean of human speech; like an electric spark it caused the floating elements to crystallize into regular forms;” but still, we believe, we wait for the happy moment which shall show, not only how the varieties of form are resolvable into phonetic peculiarities and distinctions—and these in certain physiological characteristics—it will be found, perhaps, that there are certain letters which give, in all languages, synonymous sounds—it is not even merely development, it is unity, it is uniformity.

The volume is rich in elucidations of Sanskrit literature, and in the description of the clear and wondering glance man, in early ages of the world, cast upon nature—the idea of twin powers as one of the most fertile ideas in ancient mythology, the palpable dualism of nature, and correlative deities—the *Asvins*, the Indian Dioskuroi—the representation of nature in her twofold aspect of daily change, morning and evening, light and darkness, spring and winter, life and death, good and evil; and our author translates the following ancient hymn, addressed to them from the Rig-Veda:—

“Like the two stones you sound for the same object. You are like two hawks rushing towards a tree with a nest; like two priests reciting their prayers at a sacrifice; like the two messengers of a clan called for in many places.” (1.)

“Coming early, like two heroes on their chariots, like twin goats, you come to him who has chosen you; like two women beautiful in body; like husband and wife, wise among their people.” (2.)

"Like two horns, come first towards us; like two hoofs, rushing on quickly; like two birds, ye bright ones, every day come hither, like two charioteers, O ye strong ones." (3.)

"Like two ships, carry us across; like two yokes, like two naves of a wheel, like two spokes, like two felloes; like two dogs that do not hurt our limbs; like two armours, protect us from destruction!" (4.)

"Like two winds, like two streams, your motion is eternal; like two eyes, come with your sight towards us! Like two hands most useful to the body; like two feet, lead us towards wealth." (5.)

"Like two lips, speaking sweetly to the mouth; like two breasts, feed us that us that we may live. Like two nostrils, as guardians of the body; like two ears, be inclined to listen to us." (6.)

"Like two hands, holding our strength together; like heaven and earth, drive together the clouds. O Asvins, sharpen these songs that long for you, as a sword is sharpened with a whetstone." (7.)

But we spoke of roots. It has been said, How can sound express thought? How did roots become the signs of general ideas? How was the abstract idea of measuring expressed by *ma*, the idea of thinking by *man*? How did *ga* come to mean going, *stha*, standing; *sad*, sitting; *da*, giving; *mar*, dying; *char*, walking; *kar*, doing? What are these roots? And what is language? They and it are not interjections or imitations; "they are *phonetic types*," says our author, produced by a power inherent in human nature. They exist as Plato would say, by nature, though, with Plato, we should add, that when we say by nature, we mean, "by the hand of God." Our author seems to be one with Darwin in his theory of language, and traces all to a principle of natural selection; his eulogy upon Darwin's doctrine is fervent and copious, and, as applied to the law of language, we can scarcely take exception to it. The true doctrine and theory of roots and derivations lies not in genealogical and ancestral transmission, but in the simultaneous and uniform unfolding and expanding of the assured evidences of mind. A laborious effort was made to develop the principles of speech something better than half a century since, in three vast, bulky volumes, by the Rev. Walter Whiter, Vicar of Hardingham in Norfolk. We do not remember to have ever seen a reference to this curious and bulky conglomerate of learning. Professor Muller does not know it, or he would assuredly refer to it.* Like many such works, with a kind of

* *Etymologicon universale, or, Universal Etymological Dictionary on a new plan, in which it is shown that consonants are alone to be regarded as discovering the affinities of words, and that vowels are to be rejected, that languages contain the same fundamental idea, and that they are derived from the earth, and the operations, accidents, and properties belonging to it, with illustrations drawn from various languages, the Teutonic Dialects,—The Celtic Dialects,—The*

method in the author's own mind, it is singularly deficient in method, and therefore a vast unreadable store of confused knowledge; but if it seems to differ much from the conclusions of later studies, it has often appeared to us that it only seems to differ; it leads to the same important results from the essential and necessary transmutation of letters. When it was published the idea of submitting a race of words to a law had never been adopted. One word was supposed by etymologists to be derived from another single word; there was no attempt to discover an abstract or universal principle to which these various separate instances might be referred, and by which they might all be connected with each other. In a word, it was an attempt to find in the root the crude form of language. The difficulty said Mr. Whiter in unravelling the origin of a word, consists in discovering the true radical form, concealed under the consonants by which it is represented. Professor Muller illustrates the same principle in the ancestry and the family of the root *spac*, which, from its distant Sanskrit and Aryan origin wends its way in its more usual form of *pas* to see—then in the same language *spása*, a spy, *spashla*, clear, manifest, and in the Vedic *spas*, a guardian. In the Teutonic and old high German we have *spehon*, a spy, in Greek, *spek*, changed into *skep*, *skeptomai*, I look, I examine, whence *skeptikos* an examiner, an enquirer, skeptic *episkopos*, overseer, bishop; and then come the ramifications of the root; in halier *respectabilis*—the verb *respectare* and the termination *bilis*—we separate the proposition *re*—and we are brought back to the verb *spicere*, or *specere*, meaning to see or to look—respectable means a person who deserves to be looked at and looked at again. We pass by common objects or persons without noticing them, but we turn back to look again at those which deserve our admiration, our regard, *respect*, hence *respective*, *respectively*. The English *respite* is only the Roman modification of *respectas*, the French *repit*. *Repit* means, originally, looking back, reviewing the whole evidence. A criminal received so many days *ad respectum* to re-examine the case. As *specere*, to see, with the proposition *re* came to mean respect, so with the proposition *de*, down, it forms the Latin *despicere*, meaning to look down, the English *despise*; and as *de* means down from above, so *sub* means from below, and this, added to *specere*, to look, gives us *susplicere*, *suspicare*, from it suspicion, suspicious; then we have *circum*, round about, *circumspect*; with *in*, *specere* forms *inspicere*, hence inspection and inspector; with *ad*, *adspectus*, the aspect of things; and

Dialect of the Slavonic,—*The Eastern Languages*—three volumes, 1811; about eighteen-hundred quarto pages.

prospective, *prospectus*, to look out ; *conspicuous*, to see together ; *expect*, to look out, or to look forward ; from the same root, *auspicious*, the looking out for certain birds supposed to be of good or of bad omen. *Haruspex* was the name given to a person who foretold, by the inspection of the entrails of animals. Again, from *specere*, *speculum* was formed, in the sense of a looking-glass, and from it *speculari*, the English to speculate; speculative. In a roundabout way from the same root comes the French adjective *espiegle*, waggish. There exists in German a famous cycle of stories, mostly tricks, played by a half-historical, half mythical character of the name of *Eulenspiegel*, or Owl Glass. These stories were translated into French, and the hero was known at first by the name of *Ulespiegel*, which name, contracted afterwards into *Espiegle*, became a general name for every wag ; from the same root the German word for a spy was *späha*, and this appears in old French as *espie*, in modern French as *espion* ; from the same root the Latin *species*, the French *espece*, a kind ; the English, *especial* ; there is little, says our author, left of the root *spas*, to see, in a special train, or a special messenger ; yet the connection, though not apparent, can be restored with perfect certainty ! The expression, *to specify*, what does it mean ? A man *specifies* his grievances. *Specific* is distinguishing, distinct, and the verb *to specify*, conveys the meaning of enumerating distinctly or one by one ; from the same root comes the French *epicier*, a respectable green-grocer, but originally a man who sold drugs. The different kinds of drugs which the apothecary had to sell were spoken of as *species*, not as drugs in general, but as peculiar and *special* medicines ; hence the chymist or apothecary is still called *specziale*, in Italian, his shop, *spezieria*. In French *species*, which regularly became *espece*, assumed a new form to express drugs, namely, *epices*, the English *spices* ; the German *spezereien* ; hence the famous *pain d'epices*, gingerbread nuts ; and *epicier*, a grocer. Well may our professor say—“ If we try for a moment to trace spicy, a *well-spiced article*, back to the simple root *specere*, to look ; we shall understand that marvellous power of language, which, out of a few simple elements, has created a variety of names hardly surpassed by the unbounded variety of nature herself.”

Here we must break away from this world of interesting speculation and thought, and leave to some other future paper the attempt to expound the relation of the doctrines of this book to Mr. Darwin's theory of the principle of natural selection.

The Congregational Topic.

VII.

CONCERNING LITURGIES.

WE were in a little town the other day, when we heard of a remarkable thing in the way of bondage to custom in Divine service. A young Presbyterian clergyman intimated to his congregation, in the course of the morning service, that, to his sense of reverence, it did not seem a very fitting thing the congregation should sit while singing the praise of God; and he desired that, in that service, and from that time forward, they should stand while singing; and the congregation stood; but, in the course of the afternoon, he was waited upon by an old superannuated minister, who addressed his dear young friend upon the danger of the step he had taken. "You know," he said, "my affectionate feelings towards you, and how often I have taken your pulpit for you, and but for my respect for you, I should have risen to rebuke you in the service; but to stand in singing is an innovation upon the usages of Divine service, and if ye persist in it I shall be compelled to make a report to the Kirk Session, and perhaps higher,"—and the young minister, being made of singularly pliable and obedient stuff, went before

his congregation in the evening, and said, he had thought over again the matter of standing in Divine worship, and singing, and he recalled his advice given in the morning, and advised that they should continue "as they were." The story seemed to us lamentably illustrative of many pieces of slavery in public Divine service. Freedom in public service is, we suppose, felt both by ministers and people to be a very rare and uncommon thing; that ease which makes worship happiness, so to speak—that abandonment of soul—that cheerful ascent and wandering of spirit—that surrendering of all impulses and fervours—that twin relationship of heart and mind, of conscience and thought—that happy touch of soul when words come, which are at once rapture and rest—this is a very rare state and attainment. It will, perhaps, be generally conceded that fervour in public prayer and worship, happiness in the exercises of devotion, carry the mind with considerable freshness over a very indifferent sermon. Greatly, we believe, has congregationalism erred in devoting attention so exclusively to the preparation of the sermon and the

work of mental instruction. Isaiah's prophecies are the most marvellous of all poems, even as intellectual performances, and as the movements of a free imagination; but they all came forth from the seeing "the Lord sitting on his throne, high and lifted up, and his train filling the temple." With a noble ascent of soul in prayer, and in worship, we may almost trust the remainder of the service in intellectual instruction, and the service of thought, to be helpful and animating. Now it must first of all be said, that while we hear, on all hands, a great deal said both in praise and blame upon sermons, both as spiritual exercises and mental and intellectual excursions and performances, little attention is devoted to what should surely be the most profound, thoughtful, feeling, elevating and helpful part of the whole service—the praise and the prayer. In general, it may surely be said, if these go wrong, no other part will or can go right; and we believe nothing would tend so much to give life and health to our congregations as a new spirit in our devotion—a baptism of devotion—surely it would also be a baptism of devotedness. Much has been done already, and lately, for choral improvements; our churches are deep debtors to Mr. Binney and to Mr. Allon; but there is much more to be done yet, and we are desirous of seeing our churches

liberated from many prejudices to rule and form which hold dominion over them at present. In the first place, we desire it to be distinctly understood that we, in common, we hope, with all our readers, should dread any approach to the perfunctory and official in our services; we should, indeed, dread any innovation which might make a service the mere exercise of the voice; perfunctoriness, however, and routine, are not confined to the use of books, to the reading of a service; there may be in this the most perfect freedom; the soul of the minister may be in sympathy with his service and his words; while, on the contrary, in the absence of all these, there may be a bondage to formalism, and even to verbal expression. It is distressing often to find how little free mind and heart-life there may be in extemporary prayer. We feel often, while we listen and are called to follow, that neither mind or heart are really active or working—the spirit is moving in chains of verbal utterance. Very often we have been compelled to feel that the expressions do not amount to prayer at all; perhaps the whole long utterance is occupied by the statement of a creed, a hard Calvinistic creed, very unlike the brief, compendious and devote creed in the service of the Church of England; or, perhaps, the words are used for the purpose of giving information into the courts of heaven

touching certain sundry individual particulars on earth which can in no sense be regarded as prayer; or, perhaps, the whole, so far from partaking of any kind of freedom, is a kind of verbal machinery; the words, without force and without feeling, have been uttered a hundred, a thousand times before; they are *thoughtless* words. We do not charge impiety always upon all this; it is not so much real irreverence as inadequate feeling; but from whatever cause proceeding, it is a fault to be deplored, it needs to be reprovèd and amended.

Free prayer we shall ever hold to be the test and the guardian of public devotion. A church which does not leave a possibility, a niche for this, we would say which does not demand, this exercise, must be cold, lifeless, and ere long an inanimate, religious skeleton, rather than a living religious body. In churches to which we are related by affection and sympathy, we trust the time will never come when the ordinance of free prayer shall be unknown. Without it there may be taste, propriety, there may be even warm feeling—devotion, but there cannot be the possibility of a high reach and attainment of emotion, either of faith or love; routine checks all this—makes things decent and orderly, but it represses all undue feeling; the feelings must be made to order and cut out to pattern; the words do indeed salute and solicit them,

and beckon them forth from their retreats, but it is not the visitation of “the free spirit.” The need for a compiled liturgy does perhaps exhibit a dwarfed state of spiritual experience—a coldness of faith—a distance and remoteness of vision; and if not these, certainly a timidity of character, or all absence of speechfulness; but if these exist, and with many—perhaps with most—they must exist, then, surely, it is desirable that rather than the service should degenerate into a mere, hard routine, it should be aided by the words of some of those innumerable holy men who, not only in giving to us the sacred Scripture, but in the great prose and rhythmic hymns of all ages, have been moved by the Holy Ghost. Before all prayer, free prayer; but, if human needs and wants can be better expressed, and a more devotional spirit awakened, by help from forms, then let there be help from forms. The principle is conceded in our use of hymns which Nonconformists have been the first to use on any great and extensive scale. The hymns of Watts or Doddridge, or Newton, or Cowper, are, so far as they are used in our public services, concessions to the use of forms; and hymns are, of course, generally used among us. Yet we know of churches of our order which have deliberately determined to reject chanting; the words of Watts, and Doddridge, and Montgomery, are sung, but the words of Scripture,

even in our own authorised version, are rejected, because to use them would be a condescension to formalism; but what is there in the *Te Deum* which should make it unacceptable to a Christian congregation, and what is there in the litany—that voice of inexpressible sweetness—that glowing of ardour in which all human wants, and pains, and conditions, meet their utterance and their response—which should raise any other than a thought of peace in human bosoms? We believe the constable's staff, and the magistrates' fine, have been the great foes of such prayers as these; the seraphic splendours of the one and the deep pathetic beauty of the other have been associated with confiscations and imprisonments, with May-poles and pillories—they have been commanded to be used under penalty of the infliction of the law until, with a too careless hand, the free mind of Nonconformity has cast away altogether even a divine image, and called it *Nehashtan*.

But we should go farther than we have advanced as yet, and say there is a sense in which public prayer and praise should not be extemporary. The minister prepares his sermon most sedulously—possibly many of our readers would think it shocking were we to say he should with like fulness of thought and tenderness of feeling, prepare for the engagement of worship. We have heard of even eminent Nonconformist ministers

who wrote out every word of their Sabbath prayers, as well as of their sermons. We are far from advocating such a method, yet the practice ought to awaken in our minds no other than a feeling of reverence for the men who have adopted it. We may surely suppose that such prayers were prepared in the study in an active and yet calm state of heart—when the whole man was placed in contact with all the possible wants—so far as the pastor and minister could know them—of a great congregation. But the thing is surely very singular; for a very short sermon a man will make very elaborate preparation, but for a prayer of a quarter of an hour's length he will make none; is it wonderful that such prayer is uninteresting, cold, disconnected, that hearers and worshippers do not feel that they are met and spoken for with the King? Surely even the most extemporary prayer should suppose that the minister should be, in his study, in communion with all the states of his congregation—their circumstances, and difficulties, and dangers—with forms of temptation and trial, with the special relation of the great atonement and reconciliation to all—then, indeed, in such musing, the fire would burn, and in the temple service he might be indeed able to speak with the tongue.

And we ought to remember another thing: we have often heard from good church people

attending a Nonconformist place of worship, that they do so much miss the Liturgy; we believe what they frequently mean is, that they miss their own part in public service. Our worship leaves very little for the people to do—scarcely anything. This is a strong plea for Liturgies, that they are for all, and in them the people unite with the minister not less than the minister unites with the people. This is a most needful circumstance. The whole service of Nonconformity, if it is real, keeps the mind too much on the stretch, there is not ease in it; and, where there is not ease, there cannot be happiness or rest. Singing is a loud, and jubilant, and exciting portion of the devotion; but the quiet ripple of words, the flow of the feelings of the quiet heart—these are needed. A minister of extraordinary power and piety may rise to “spiritual blessings in heavenly places,” and the people may be able to follow him only as afar off. But seraphic ardours are not the most helpful to ordinary life, and those feelings which murmur near home—around cares and wishes and fears and trials—where “all the people” can say “Amen”—these are helpful prayers. We ought to make provision for such feelings, and that we may do so, it would be well to provide some of the simple words—some of the peace-breathing rituals—the voices of the church in all ages. We be-

lieve such a course would be greatly helpful to our ministry, while it would be most inspiring and gladdening to listen to the low, deep beat of murmuring human voices, in many hundreds, confessing their sin to the Faithful and Just to forgive the sin, uttering the deep wail—“Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners,” and then bursting forth in the matchless, triumphant tones and strains of Watts, of Cennick, or Toplady.

Protestantism has nobly protested against formality in worship, but it is to be feared that it has not been equally earnest in cultivating aids to, we will not say the spirit of, devotion. We must certainly maintain that words are helps, and very important helps, and that the assistance of liturgic aids is greatly needed. Where the soul speaks, we have no doubt that the service is blessed and acceptable; but, in too many instances, it is really a “weariness.” We trust we may not be misunderstood when we say how much we regret that volumes of devotion, wise and elevated, are not now found in our households; in Roman Catholic literature, and in the households of Catholics they abound. Their want has evidently been felt, for large, cumbrous, unwieldy manuals of devotion have been prepared and published, at costly prices, for the use of families. It is not in the nature of things

that such volumes should supply the want. Many masters, mistresses, fathers and mothers of families, feel also the need of some work which might be a service for the morning and evening hours; and for the want of this, it happens that the voice of united prayer is not heard in the dwelling at all. The Liturgy fitted for the public service, might also be fitted for the more private, and secure a more devoted and orderly household.

Our readers, in alarm, perhaps will by this time exclaim, why the man means to expel free prayer altogether! By no means. On the contrary, where free prayer supplies all that is needed, where it is *free*, fresh, elevated, sustained devotion, where no embarrassment, or timidity, or weakness interferes with the happiness of the service, it needs not that there should be any change; but, in many instances, the state of things is very widely different, and we only show that the instincts alike of worship, and of piety, and of Congregationalism are not at all at variance with, at any rate, a modified use of forms. A free soul makes every form free—the body need not be enslaved because it is in clothes. On the contrary, the soul constrained and cramped cannot but make itself seen through the largest amount of liberty. Life is always graceful, and death is always repulsive. Good men, even of Nonconformist

tempers and life, have not been indisposed to the composition and to the use of set words; they have even set down in language their own conditions of thought and of feeling that they might be of use to other minds as forms of prayer. And when in our boyhood we knew a holy man who spent hours, almost daily, in earnest, wrestling prayer with God, in private—nor was he unequal to the leading devotion in public—in the family it was his usual habit to use a form of prayer, as more calculated to give coherence and freshness, variety, and simplicity to the petitions. Our object in this paper has been to plead for the restoration of a preparedness of feeling to our public and private devotions; and if this can be better effected by forms of sound words than by any other means, then let us have by all means the form of sound words.

A great advantage of the use of liturgies is, that they are broken into parts; the mind is not stretched or strained; to the audience accustomed to them they probably become attractive, beautiful, and necessary. Moreover, there comes the pause between the Confession and the Absolution, the Creed and the Litany, the Epistle and the Gospel, the Psalm and the Collect. As a model, the service of the Church of England has much in it that makes it most worthy of praise and imitation;

it may be safely said that all its elements ought to enter into every public prayer; but the services of the universal church are so rich—there are fine Gospel hopes and tones to be met with alike in the words of the fathers of every age and of every communion, in Latin and in the Greek churches—that it is not necessary to limit our liturgy to that of our own country; moreover, to say the least, it is injudicious; there are repetitions in it, certainly, to be called “vain;” it fatigues patience, and might be much more profitable if broken into parts. This may be said of it, as we have already said, it is orderly; feelings do not crowd into each other; they are happily discriminated from each other; and this is most essential to the usefulness of any thing. We suppose no order will ever transcend that so admirably prescribed in Dr. Watts’ well-known lines, a comprehensive receipt for all public prayer:—

Call upon God! Adore! Confess!
Petition! Plead! And then declare
You are the Lord’s! Give Thanks, and
Bless!
And let Amen confirm the Prayer!

There are few sights more sad than the spectacle of a mind in *dishabille* approaching its Creator and Saviour in a careless undress and ragged disarray of thought and expression; it surely becomes any person in the act of worship to decorously arrange the attire of the soul, not to be any more unseemly to other minds than

to its Maker and its Lord; it is difficult to some to preserve the fitting tone of spirit in prayers and in praise; and it surely is worthy of note how the liturgy assists that subdued tone which is so effective—that mind’s key of feeling as powerful in speech as in music—that tone which is like music over the waters at night. Extemporary prayer has sometimes cultivated a very different spirit in prayer, and some preachers pray like a whole brass band passing down the street; that prayer is shocking which seems to say, You see I am so familiar with God that I can say anything to God, and I can say it anyhow.

Thus, without expressing ourselves with any undue heat, we believe we have pointed out some faults in private and in public service the liturgy is perhaps likely to amend; some men even among ourselves have attempted to compile a liturgy: conspicuous is Mr. Thomas’s Biblical Liturgy. Some of the chants have a very noble and sustained power in them; the great objection to the use of the volume lies in the fact that, to devote a whole service to the adoration, for instance, of one attribute of God, must interfere with all that can be regarded as freedom in the service; otherwise, there is considerable rhythmic force in the compilation, only often conveying the idea of too much effort and art in the rhythm. Once more, we say we should

esteem it a calamity if we lost from our church the art and gift and power of extemporary prayer; but the theory of all Divine service surely should be the combination, the union and fellowship, of hearts and voices, and in the degree in which the congregation is large, as the congregation ceases to be a merely eclectic little company—united together by the strength of one or two profound, and, perhaps, persecuted convictions; as those convictions are represented by many, and as they are diffused—they will need and should receive a corresponding sustenance. The art of prayer is a great, a mighty art; few attain to it, and most absurd must it be to think that it is easy to step from the shop, the exchange, or the street, and to soar and to bear a multitude of hearts upward to the throne. Where this is the case, there must be a life of preparation, and retreat, and devotion, such as the city pursuit may not give. It is one thing to delight to turn aside to drink of the stream, and to be refreshed, and it is quite another thing to be the stream. A gift and a preparation are needed for public service; to be able to help the souls of other men, and to carry the mind forward, and the audience with the mind, far beyond the fear of man—which too often, especially even in the act of prayer and worship, brings a snare—is not the gift even of many ministers; when it is so, why not the return to some slight liturgic form? Certainly we believe it would be a

very healthful exercise for any young minister if, on his knees, he would compile or compose a Liturgy. Familiarity with the words of Bacon, and Bradford, and Dean Powell, and Bishop Andrews, and Kenn, and Taylor, and Cosin, and earnest meditation on passages of the *Spiritual Combat* of Laurence Scupoli, and, we will even dare to say, the *Spiritual Exercises* of Ignatius Loyola; the *Scintilla Altaris* of Edward Spark (1682), and the Devotions of Hickes and Anthony Horneck. We refer to these, for modern Protestantism gives us nothing like them, and it is, we are persuaded, not merely by meditation in thin air that holy thought is to be kept alive; to many, even the solitude of the chamber and the communion of the temple, are only as exhausting receivers. The eye needs to be exercised; the mind cannot afford to be left alone, or it runs off any whither, and it cannot, therefore, be undesirable that such, at any rate, should urge their flagging devotion by helps and hints, and find in words things which otherwise, by the unassisted mind, would never be found; for He who said, "After this manner, therefore, pray ye," was He who promised the Holy Spirit, "to bring all things to the remembrance" of His disciples, but surely it implied the necessity of employing means to bring the Comforter, even as the lightning plays anywhere, till the rod and the conductor bring it to a point, and a place.

VIII.

Monthly Tablet of Eclectic Matters.

"RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."—SPURGEON *alias* CALIBAN, *alias* RABSHAKEH, &c. — We had scarcely thought it necessary to refer to the tempest raised by the sermon of Mr. Spurgeon, but in a moment when all parties seem to unite in mingling expressions of approval and disapproval, and when, most wonderfully, the whole Church of England seems to be excited to consternation, we are not disposed to appear unwilling to take our side in the affray. The sermon was strongly expressed, without a doubt—*milk and waterishness* of expression is not exactly Mr. Spurgeon's faculty. We have never seen that it was intemperately expressed; while the things said have been said in language certainly as pungent, forcible and penetrating millions of times. The character of our review, which has received affectionate regards and contributions during the last sixty years from the pens of Baptists and Pædo-Baptists, quite forbids our entrance upon the merits of Mr. Spurgeon's peculiar views; but we can have no hesitation in expressing ourselves upon a question which involves only a little common-sense and knowledge of plain English. The vast whispering gallery of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and amazing fame of the preacher, have given currency to sentiments and expressions repeated, during many centuries, again and again; and we are amazed that they should have been thought so un-

pardonably severe. The gentle spirit of Baptist Noel has felt itself constrained to remonstrate kindly with his younger brother; but Mr. Noel has himself said things equally severe, and the whole of his volume, published in vindication of his secession from the establishment, is as severe. The language of Dr. Winslow, on the contrary, is simply unpleasant to us. Dr. Winslow, it is to be supposed, has convictions about the rite of baptism, for he is a very eminent Baptist minister; but what can have led him to the certainly somewhat mawkish style of reproof, in which he champions the poor persecuted Church of England, expressing his belief, in defiance of a thousand facts and statements, "that not one of the nine thousand Evangelical clergy of the land really believes or teaches the doctrine of baptismal regeneration?" and weeps over the irreverence of the attacks upon their character. "Are the Marshes, M'Neils, Stowells, and Venns perjured, dishonest, and immoral? I shudder at the thought."

See, my brethren, what sad, what appalling conclusions we reach when we exchange the foot of Christ's cross for Christ's judgment-seat, and cease to breathe the spirit of Jesus as embodied in the language of his Apostle Paul "Grace be with all them who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." If ever there was a time when the clergy of the Church of England demanded our confidence, sympathy, and prayers, it is the present, when

within the pale of their Church they are combating earnestly and manfully with the existence of infidelity and semi-Romanism. This is not the time to question their piety, to impeach their integrity, and to hold them up to scorn before the eyes of the uncircumcised foes of our faith. Rather should we, as Christians and as Protestants, rally around them, and pray that large measures of grace may be vouchsafed to them from the fulness of grace that is in the Lord Jesus Christ whom they love. To my brethren of the Church of England would I humbly say, let nothing separate you in communion and service from those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, though they belong not to you. Interpret charitably and receive meekly the censures of those whom you believe love Christ as you love Him. The brother who has arraigned your integrity, loves and preaches Christ, unhappy as we must believe his personal strictures to be. Smitten on the one cheek, offer the other; if you suffer for righteousness' sake happy are you, for the spirit of glory and of Christ resteth upon you! Thus will you realise the beautiful idea of the poet when portraying the injured saint of God—

"He loved the world that hated him. The
tear
Which dropped upon his Bible was sincere.
Assailed by scandal and the tongues of
strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the
dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart."

Soon, he that judgeth and those who are judged, will stand side by side before the Great Judge of all! In view of that solemn meeting, let us all, one for the other, send up to Heaven the benediction of the Apostle, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity. Amen."

All which is so much of nothing to the purpose, and so may be

dismissed only as a singular illustration of the way in which maudlin feelings may obfuscate and smoke the clear glass of common sense.

Mr. Landels' sermon is, of course, from the manly, thorough, and intrepid character of his mind, of a very different order, and we are glad that Mr. Brock has given his short and warm commendations to the sermon of his friend, the young "Rabshakeh." But all this is trifling to the uproar created around; the Evangelical Alliance has been shocked. We have never had much faith in the possibility of evangelical alliances; the most wonderful evangelical alliance we have as yet met with—a genuine case of a calf and a young lion together—is in the little village of Interlaken, where stout Swiss Protestantism holds its own in the parish church, and the Roman Catholics are permitted the use of a room, a part of the same building. The alliance almost made our catholicity shudder.

It has been a long time known that a great condition of evangelical alliance membership seemed to be a refraining from telling, and hiding the whole truth in the mind—that is, its clerical members might do what they would to enforce the politics of the Establishment; but its Dissenting members must never lift a finger against church-rates. This kind of language, we know, was held to Dr. Steane and Mr. Hinton, not long since; and this is the kind of evangelical alliance which has always been maintained by the *Record*. We marvel by what process Mr.

Spurgeon ever became a member of it; he has, however, felt himself compelled to withdraw from it, and has expressed himself upon his withdrawal in a letter, containing some passages of considerable nervousness and force:—

I have not said a word more than I felt bound to do, and, therefore, however severe the condemnations of my fellows may be, I can endure them; not, it is true, with indifference, but certainly with cheerful patience. Many will henceforth account me a bigot, an accuser of the brethren, and I know not what that is infamous; but this I must expect, and, having a clear conscience and some enjoyment of consolation from the Master whom I desire to serve at all hazards, I shall not lack for support, though all men should turn from me and cast out my name as evil. *What I have spoken I have spoken.* After reading the many attempts at reply, and giving due weight to the expostulations of Mr. Noel, I find no reason for retraction, but abundant cause to reassert my testimony with increased emphasis. *Impeach before the bar of universal Christendom the men who, knowing that baptism does not regenerate, yet declare in public that it does: if Christendom will not consider the impeachment, let it stand on record before the merciful face of the Great Head of the Church, and let Him do as seemeth Him good.*

He goes on to say:—

Your consciences, dear brethren, permit you to enjoy comfortable beliefs, which mine has dashed to the ground; we shall subserve true union far better apart than while united by a bond which you believe me to have broken.

Thus flows the matter. Meantime, while the High-Church party commend Mr. Spurgeon,

and think, very naturally and justly, that he has impaled evangelicalism in the Church, the evangelicals themselves set no bounds to their wrath and fury. All the thunders have uttered their voices, and all the vials have emptied themselves, in the shape of forty-five pamphlets, tracts, replies, &c. Dr. Goode, the Dean of Ripon, affects to be condescending and learned, and pitiful and compassionate in his lengthy letter, published, with his consent, in the *Record*. The following are the terms in which he alludes to Mr. Spurgeon:—

As to the young minister who is now raving against the Evangelical clergy on this point, it is to be regretted that so much notice has been taking of his railings. He is to be pitied, because his entire want of acquaintance with theological literature leaves him utterly unfit for the determination of such a question, which is a question, not of mere doctrine, but of what may be called historical theology; and his charges are just a parallel to those which the Romanists would bring against himself, as well as others, for his interpretation of the words, "This is my body." But were he a wiser man than he is, he would know better what his qualifications are for passing judgment on such a point, and be willing to learn from such facts, among others, as the Gorham Judgment and the cases of Mr. Maskell and Mr. Mozley, what ground there is for his charges against the Evangelical clergy. Let him hold and enforce his own view of doctrine as he pleases; but when he undertakes to determine what is the exclusive meaning of the Book of Common Prayer, and brings a charge of dishonesty against those who take a different view of that meaning from what he does, he only shows the presumptuous self-confidence with

which he is prepared to pronounce judgment upon matters of which he is profoundly ignorant. To hold a controversy with him upon the subject would be to as little purpose as to attempt to hold a logically-constructed argument with a child unacquainted with logical terms.

The most amusing party in the controversy is our friend the *Saturday Review*; for what an amusing thing it is to think of such an uncircumcised Philistine having anything to say about baptism or regeneration at all—think of Goliath of Gath coming forward to criticise the furniture of the ark, and the sacrificial services of the sacramental host of God's elect—think of the monster Polyphemus "among the prophets." The terms in which Polyphemus speaks are also remarkable: he elevates Mr. Spurgeon, in his sublime style, to the dignity of the very Athanasias of cursing and swearing—speaks of him as "*Rabshakeh contra mundum*." The reviewer's talk is, indeed, a very pretty piece of special pleading—playing presto with language, shewing that white is black and black white—and that eyes are not eyes—and that the word *baptism* in Church of England service has a double meaning—and so on. But the great point, so far as this review goes, is, that the Rabshakeh of newspapers, qualified as it is to give lessons in every kind of abuse upon all things and people, should fasten the term of all others most suitable to itself upon Mr. Spurgeon, for his strongly expressed sense of indignation at the dishonest profanation of language and religion by the cajolery of speech, tossing about a doctrine of infinite truth, like a ball

between the two battle-dores of double meanings. It tenderly feels for and defends the case of the Evangelicals against their "vulgar assailant of the great Metropolitan Tabernacle." To those who know the *Saturday Review*, and that it can eat toads at the tables of lords, in any quantity, it will not be surprising that "Mr. Noel is commended in that, by birth and education, he is a gentleman, while Mr. Spurgeon is Mr. Spurgeon," and it sums up—

And the moral of the case is, to use the vulgar proverb, that as it is impossible to make a silk-purse of a sow's ear, so it is absurd to expect from a person like Mr. Spurgeon either the information of a scholar or the manners of a gentleman, the language of refinement in controversy or the humanities of Christianity in personal intercourse.

"The Anabaptist Caliban who can do nothing but curse," is the epithet, we feel ashamed to say, of the Rev. Charles Wills, of Kennington—quoted with approbation by the *Saturday Review*. We fancy the *Saturday Review* did not know whom it was commending. Mr. Wills is not wanting in a measure of genius and power, we well know. A clergyman within the last two or three years of the Established Church, we have not seen him since, several years ago, he gave a charge as the Independent Minister of Lechlade in Gloucestershire, to a young student just settled over a Congregational Church in Stroud. We well remember how he amazed us—he called his discourse *The Cherished Spring*. We have it somewhere

or other in keeping now, for it is curious, and it struck us as remarkable then, for the especial means by which the young student was to qualify himself for the ministry was to be by taking, as the men of his counsel, the Bible, Shakespeare, and Jean Paul. He floundered through a good many heresies till he floundered into the *Dial* office, as the editor of that—

Lovely flower, so young and fair,
Call'd hence by early doom.

And, now he has betaken himself to the refuge for the destitute, may the givers of livings and the sellers of advowsons, be merciful to him! But, oh, Mr. Wills, was it wise and well to rush thus early into print? Were there tender scruples of conscience? Did your mind wince beneath some of the words of "the Caliban who can do nothing but curse?" In a word, "what is it all about?" The Church of England teaches, or it does not teach the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. The severe dicta of men like Dr. Goode make our spirits tremble beneath the burden of our own dementedness and ignorance. Mr. Spurgeon, we are told, cannot comprehend theological terms; perhaps we are in the same dilemma; yet the works of Mansell, and Monsell, and Pusey, not to speak of elder books, of Pearson, and Bingham, and the elder Whately, and Taylor, are well known to us. The whole tide of interpretation sets in to the maintenance of this doctrine as asserted and taught by the Church of England; and the evangelical clergy of this country, at this moment, so far is Dr. Winslow's statement with reference to the

nine thousand from being true, are gradually veering round to, and almost all expressly maintaining that a real and substantial change in the quality of the mind, the character, and the possible and probable destinies of infants, takes place beneath the baptismal waters of the font. This monstrous superstition, for such it is, is growing. The words of Archdeacon Sandford, in his Bampton Lecture, only two years since, have been often before our readers:—"Baptism is the bath and grave of sin, in which the soul is both cleansed and vivified." "The child descends into the font a sinner, he rises purified; goes down a son of death, comes up a son of the resurrection; goes down a child of wrath, comes up the heir of mercy; he was the child of the devil, he is the servant and the son of God."

When we read such things, shall we be told there are two meanings that we are unable to comprehend, &c.? We believe the language of the Prayer-Book and the Articles justifies such language as we have quoted, but, if not, the fact that multitudes—very many thousands of ministers of the Establishment teach it, preach it, believe it, is a sufficient reason for the strongest condemnation of so gross a heresy against New Testament truth and common sense. Mr. Spurgeon says, in his own way,

I have but to open my eyes a little to foresee Romanism rampant everywhere in the future, since its germs are spreading everywhere in the present. In one of our courts of legislature but last Tuesday, the Lord Chief Justice showed his superstition, by speaking of "the

risk of the calamity of children dying unbaptized!" Among Dissenters you see a veneration for structures, a modified belief in the sacredness of places, which is all idolatry; for to believe in the sacredness of anything but of God and of his own Word, is to idolize, whether it is to believe in the sacredness of the men, the priests, or in the sacredness of the bricks and mortar, or of the fine linen, or what not, which you may use in the worship of God. I see this coming up everywhere—a belief in ceremony, a resting in ceremony, a veneration for altars, fonts, and Churches—a veneration so profound that we must not venture upon a remark, or straightway of sinners we are chief. Here is the essence and soul of Popery, peeping up under the guard of a decent respect for sacred things. It is impossible but that the Church of Rome must spread, when we who are the watch-dogs of the fold are silent, and others are gently and smoothly turving the road, and making it as soft and smooth as possible, that converts may travel down to the nethermost hell of Popery. We want John Knox back again. Do not talk of mild and gentle men, of soft manners and squeamish words, we want the fiery Knox and even though his vehemence should 'ding our pulpits into blads,' it were well if he did but rouse our hearts to action. We want Luther to tell men the truth unmistakably, in homely phrase. The velvet has got into our ministers' mouths of late, but we must unrobe ourselves of soft raiment, and truth must be spoken, and nothing but truth; for of all lies which have dragged millions down to hell, I look upon this as being one of the most atrocious—that in a Protestant Church there should be found those who swear that baptism saves the soul. Call a man a Baptist, or a Presbyterian, or a Dissenter, or a Churchman, that is nothing to me—if he says that baptism saves the soul, out upon him, out upon him, he states

what God never taught, what the Bible never laid down, and what ought never to be maintained by men who profess that the Bible, and the whole Bible, is the religion of Protestants.

Well done, Mr. Spurgeon. We should not have thought it worth while to lift up our thin voice, but amidst the clangor of such a tempest of rival bales we are not willing to be silent in the expression of our own convictions of the justice of Mr. Spurgeon's views in the main.

THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT MALINES.—No phase of Popish triumph astonishes us; it seems almost predestined to the conquest of the European mind. We know well how our fears and impressions are generally held in scorn on this matter; it would be interesting to those who ridicule our despair to set themselves down to a survey of the great Papal reaction going on through the chief cities and towns of Europe—Protestant not less than Catholic. Throughout Europe there seems to be a universal effort for the restoration of the most venerable cathedrals and ancient churches. The Jesuits, with their marvellous ubiquity of intelligence, and ophiolatric sympathy of cunning, are everywhere. We shall not hesitate, ourselves, to place to their score of credit the recent disturbances in Geneva; beneath the Fazy Regime they were the only sect to flourish, and the great city, the Thermopylae of Protestantism, is now apparently even more Popish than Protestant, and the new Catholic cathedral certainly rivals in beauty Calvin's ancient

cathedral of St. Pierre. But the Congress of Malines shews Rome in the nineteenth century becoming sublime and fanatical. Certainly, the topics discussed show a mind fully alive to the great wants of the age. The Bishop of Orleans spoke amidst repeated gusts of applause; the archbishop, amidst repeated cries of "Vive le Pape Roi!" Four thousand persons gathered together, representing the chiefs of the Catholic party throughout Belgium, France, England, Germany, Hungary, Spain, Portugal and Italy. The topics discussed were, fine arts for the people, popular songs for the people, the use of satire for the extension of Catholic purposes, manufactures in their relation to the welfare of the people. Father Felix, whose conferences at Notre Dame on Christianity and progress, will be well known to most of our readers, electrified the vast multitude by what seems to be a quite absurd attempt to show how liberty of conscience was strictly in harmony with an infallible church. The meeting rose to fanaticism, almost like the proclamation of another crusade beneath the spell of the voice of St. Bernard.

"The peroration of Father Felix's harangue," says the *Indépendance*, "produced an inconceivable effect. 'I propose to you,' exclaimed Father Felix, raising his hands to Heaven, 'to terminate this sitting by a cheer in honour of Jesus Christ, our Lord, and our Saviour.' Transported with a holy delirium the assembly replied to this proposal by cries a hundred times repeated of 'Vive Jesus Christ!' One might indeed have believed oneself at a banquet, at the moment when the

health of the host was proposed. All that was wanting was the champagne and the glasses. 'Our Holy Father the Pope, and our Holy Mother the Holy Church,' were shouted in the same fashion, and when the orator quitted the tribune the members of the Congress, wild with excitement, mounted on the chairs and the benches, waving their hats and their handkerchiefs, and crying with their heads bare, 'Vive le Père Félix, Vive les Jésuites!'"

Is this sublime, or is it ridiculous? The terrible thing about these people seems to be that they are not indifferent, they believe.

BROTHER IGNATIUS AND HIS WILD ASSES' COLTS. — Simultaneously with the doings on the continent, goes on the strange work of Brother Ignatius at home. The month brings before us two or three horrible items. The letter of Brother Augustine to the boy Hose is shocking to the moral sense. Brother Augustine is only fit for a madhouse; we can only charitably believe that human nature is giving way, as is often the case, beneath the dreadful monastic discipline. A week or two since, an infant was solemnly dedicated at the monastery to the service of God; the little thing was dressed as a Benedictine novice, in white serge, and he is now left altogether to the care of the monks, and will not see his mother again until he has forgotten her; one would suppose the little thing does not lose much in being separated from a mother who could give him up to suck milk from these breasts of steel, and

drink life from these flints and fools. A lady refused to give any assistance to the establishment of a nunnery at Norwich, and Brother Ignatius has excommunicated her—probably she will survive it.

CLERICAL MAGISTRATES.—We have often to call the attention of our readers to the ridiculous escapades of this order of men. We believe they are usually unfit for the bench, because disposed to look at justice askant, or through the green glasses of their sectarianism. One of the most remarkable instances on record of utterly idiotic and illogical blundering of clerical speech took place, within the last few weeks, at Castle Headingham, from the lips of the Rev. Charles John Gooch, rector of Toppesfield and Justice of the Peace; a gentleman who, some few months since, deplored that Castle Headingham had three great evils to contend with—public houses, straw plaiting, and Dissenting chapels. The other day, a woman applied for a summons against a person on whom she sought to fix the paternity of an illegitimate child to which she had given birth: it does not appear that she was a dissenter, or that the defendant was a dissenter, or that the dissent was in any way involved or implicated in the matter; but, without waiting for any inquiry, the clerical slanderer rushed into an exclamation—"These cases will always happen while there are dissenting chapels!" We have nothing to say to this; we shall not condescend to any remark upon it; we shall not either

inquire whether or not dissent has a larger monopoly of dirt of this kind than the church of the baptized and regenerated. We cite the instance, and set it before our readers in the hope that many more may do what we know some have already done—pour in remonstrances upon the Lord Chancellor, and bring about the dismissal of the man Gooch from the commission of the peace; it is clear that his prejudices quite unfit him for his office.

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN SPEKE.—The untimely death of this distinguished traveller, by accident from his own hand, after his long, wayward, patient exploration on the banks and in the neighbourhood of the great river in the vast deserts and wildernesses, the lakes and watersheds of Africa, fills the mind with many reflections. "A man," says the quaint old writer, "shall travel round the world, and die of a prick of the finger in coming up the Thames." There is something especially affecting in the fact, that the very day following that on which he met with his death, an interesting debate was expected between himself and Captain Burton, at the meeting of the British Association. The meeting was stamping and scraping, as impatient meetings will, and was hushed by the entrance of Sir Roderick Murchison, to announce that the distinguished traveller, who had surrounded himself with such a halo of distinction at the age of thirty-seven, was dead. He can no longer vindicate his discovery from the sharp suspicions of

Captain Burton, and others, that it may not be a discovery after all. It is a very remarkable circumstance that, his great predecessor, in claiming the honour, James Bruce, died also by an accident—the greatest traveller, in his day, in those regions which Speke explored more fully—he had entertained a party at his house, had conducted his guests to the door, slipped on his own step, and died instantly.

THE RETURN OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The great unselfish prince of modern travel and travellers is at home once more. He has been already entertained by the Duke of Argyle in Scotland, and received with banners and music in the village home of his ancestors, and he has made his appearance with a lecture, full of the liveliest interest, at the meeting of the British Association. He comes home with many of his ultimate purposes defeated; but, with a grandeur of courage and magnanimity, he returns, only to seek to supply himself with the means of piercing into the wildernesses again—a calm, fearless, immovable man. Some of the “gentlemen who sit at home at ease,” and whose noblest achievement has been the hunting of a flea, affect to look more than sceptically, even sneeringly, at the efforts of the great discoverer—like Mr. Crawford, who, while the Doctor was telling one of his characteristic stories, of shooting the fat pet monkeys of the tribes through which he passed—monkeys prized by the inhabitants, and protected by them, because supposed to be inhabited by the souls of departed relatives—

rather impudently interrupted the Doctor by inquiring if he had eaten them? The Doctor very coolly and quietly turned round, saying, “They had been eaten, and found very good.” The persons who querulously remark upon this great traveller, seem to forget that, with very limited means and with the boundless opposition of the great slave-driving, slave-trading kings of Africa, and the Government of Portugal, he is really laying open a new empire to the world—the most Columbus-like man since Columbus. We believe no travels, since those of the great discoverer, have been so likely to bring immense and momentous consequences in their train. The great point in dispute, at present, seems to be whether cotton can be procured from Africa. Mr. Crawford says, “No.” Dr. Livingstone says, “Yes.” Beside the topics interesting to merchants, and great traders—people Dr. Livingstone very wisely and naturally attempts to conciliate—he has, apparently, a store of travellers’ tales, of wonderful inland rivers, and creatures of fine fresh-water lakes, “ten, twelve, twenty, thirty fathoms, then no bottom with all our line, and pronounced by John Neil, our sailor, fit for the Great Eastern to sail in. We touched the bottom in a bay with a line of a hundred fathoms, and a mile out, could find no bottom with a line of one hundred and sixteen fathoms; from twenty to sixty miles broad. We saw, at least, two hundred and twenty-four miles of its length, thronged with fish, with crocodiles also, surrounded by mountains, which, when ascended, were found to be

only the edges of a great plateau, 3000 feet above the sea (cool, well-watered, and peopled with Manganja Scharani, an agricultural and pastoral people) and where, the Doctor thinks, after the first hardships were over, and properly housed and fed, Europeans would enjoy life and comfort." We believe this great, calm man is one of the noblest missionaries and

apostles of modern civilization, and we trust that his intrepidity will yet be answered by success, and that his value will be demonstrated by power to alleviate the woes of the natives of the regions he knows so well, and by transmitting thither some of the ways and means of our modern civilization.